Tom Bethell
IPS at 20

H.J. Kaplan
On Charles de Gaulle

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

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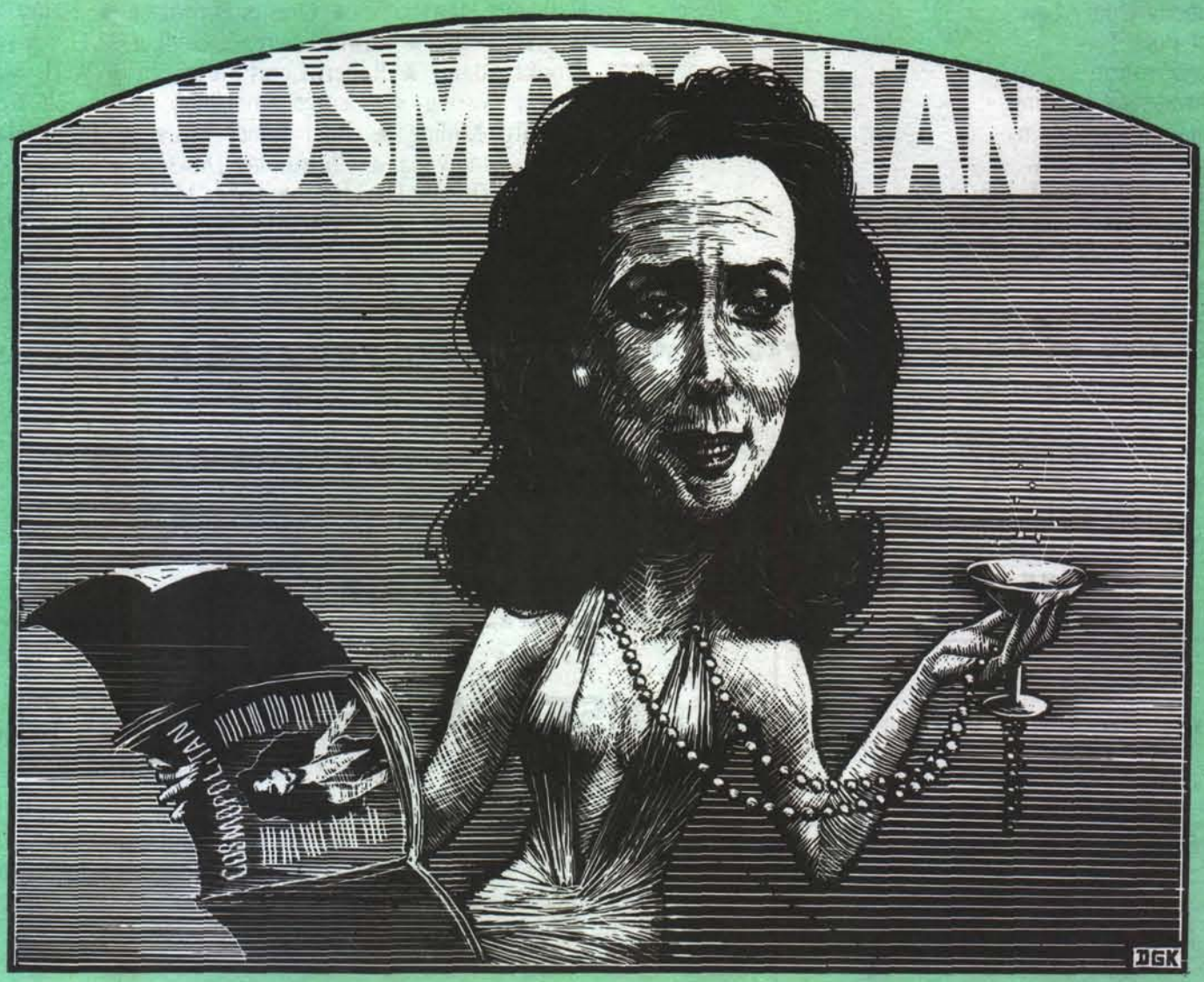

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•April, and the conventional wisdom counseling that poverty causes crime suffered a stupendous pop to the chops when the FBI reported that in 1982, the worst year of the recession, crime declined by four percent—the steepest decline in five years! Ho, ho, ho, what does that tell the social scientists? With a few thousand more soup kitchens penitentiaries will be closed down forever. Paupers will be awarded good citizenship awards, and Ronald Reagan will confer the Medal of Freedom on John Kenneth Galbraith and on John Maynard Keynes posthumously, two men who did their utmost to bring poverty to us all with its concomitant law-abidingness.

•In Washington, the mood is not sanguine. Interest rates are down to 10.5 percent, inflation is at 3.5 percent, non-farm productivity soared in 1983's first quarter at 4.8 percent, the stock market ended April 57.83 percent above its 1982 low, and factory orders for March were up 3.2 percent. The country is up and moving again. So why the gloom in the media? Is it sun spots, the approach of the year 2000, that sinking feeling that Republican prosperity complete with Coolidges and Hoovers may replace the suavities and high purpose of LBJ and the heroic Wonderboy of Plains, Georgia, men who suffered gallbladder operations and hemorrhoids for us little people? Who can say, all that is certain is that very few are giving the present President accolades for what Glad Tidings there are. All he is credited with is 10.1 percent unemployment and a growing deficit.

•In Tucson, Arizona Mr. John Clarke's sexual assault has been laid to a plethora of doughnuts that induced in him diabolical blood-sugar fluctuation, and he is now scot-free. Mr. Paul Young, a disc jockey at WVBK in Herndon, Virginia, successfully protested his meager salary by locking himself in his control booth and repeatedly playing the record "Take This Job And Shove It" for fourteen hours until his boss relented. And the enemies of the handicapped continue to thwart our enlightened law, but it will avail them naught. In Waukesha, Wisconsin, Mr. Chester Williams, accused of parking in an area reserved for the handicapped, was led into court in chains. The fiend is 80, and still insensitive to our handicapped citizens!

•On April 4, the new space shuttle Challenger personed by four astronauts began what was to be a very successful five-day orbit of earth, during which was perpetrated the first space walk by Americans in nearly a decade. Three months after subscribing to *The American Spectator* Miss Gloria Swanson, actress and entrepreneur, passed away. She had been in perfect health. We shall all miss Miss Swanson, but possibly you have an obnoxious neighbor, a prof whose patter spoils your matutinal shuteye, a local TV sage prolix with New Age poppycock—buying the pest a gift subscription might be an effective antidote. And if the gift does the trick our business office may even offer to purchase flowers in your name at the sepulchering. Though millions of Americans purr with pastel delusions of Mohandas K. Gandhi (1869-1948), those who actually live in the scrawny crank's homeland struggle to throw off the painful afterclap of his quackery; and in New Delhi more than 1,000 male government employees demonstrated in their underwear to protest the shoddy quality of homespun uniforms the government makes them wear in deference to the Gandhi canon. They cry out for Jockey briefs, color be damned. In Albufeira, Portugal an unidentified gunman murdered Dr. Issam Sartawi, a Palestinian advocate of diplomatic recognition of Israel.

•Nicaragua's Sandinist government grew increasingly disturbed during the month over political reform movements operating in its rural regions; and though "world opinion" bleats for negotiations between the government and the insurgents in El Salvador no one other than the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* and their agents have advocated this poultice for Nicaragua. In Virginia, state employees made some 2,500 lewd telephone calls, according to Mr. George Hall, director of the state's Department of Telecommunications, who claims the calls cost the state $1,000 in March. Apparently the bureaucrats are unimaginative, however, for these calls were not actually obscene calls to others but to an obscene answering service run by a New York City magazine. And in Oakland, California a lesbian, Miss Linda J. Loftin, is suing her former lover, Miss Mary Flournoy, for visitation rights to see Miss Flournoy's child, Mary, who was conceived after Miss Loftin artificially inseminated Miss Flournoy with a turkey baster. The imbroglio is strictly New Age progressive, the two having made a gaudy media splash back in 1977 when, thwarted in their attempt to marry, they publicly exchanged vows to cherish and honor each other. Then they discovered that each was in love with a creep. They separated. And Miss Flournoy applied for welfare to maintain Mary and two children by an early marriage in the manner to which they had become accustomed. The Alameda County district attorney's office sought and got a court order forcing Miss Loftin to pay child support. Now Miss Loftin wants visitation privileges. On the other hand, the homosexual boyfriend of murdered San Francisco Supervisor, Harvey Milk, came up with nothing from his bid for a $50,000 workers compensation death benefit owing to Harvey's untimely dispatch.

•In the April 13 Chicago mayoral race the Hon. Harold Washington copped 97 percent of the black vote to hold off the white race's Mr. Bernard Epton who had 81 percent of the white electorate. In Baltimore, Maryland, eloquent evidence of the burdens brought down on government workers during the Reagan cuts was provided when two postal workers were convicted of having eaten the mail. "They ate the mail," the *Washington Post* quotes prosecutor Glenda G. Gordon as saying, "This is not funny. . . . I use the mail." Miss Jane Fonda was sued for practicing sex discrimination at one of her fat-removal sweat shops, and shrieks of vituperation are issuing from the Legal Defense and Education Fund of the National Organization for Women over attempts by the United Automobile Workers to organize staff members.

•We have a very strange one from New Orleans. Whether it is a tale of poverty or man's inhumanity it is too early to say, but Mr. Lawrence John Crowley, 25, is in the hoosegow for allegedly stealing and eating neighborhood dogs. Police speculate he was driven by "desperation and hunger"; but now it is reported that Mr. Crowley may have been driven by cannibalism, too. His landlord has vanished and is being sought amongst over fifty pounds of flesh that police found in Mr. Crowley's freezer. What makes the story all the stranger is that police had turned over the meat to the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after Mr. Crowley's arrest. Too little too late: why not hand it over to a local Chinese restaurant where it could be put to nutritional purposes? Mr. Wiley Brooks, 47, whose Breatharian Institute of Marin County, California teaches that "all food is poison," was allegedly spotted ordering a chicken-pot pie in a Vancouver hotel and carrying out an opsomaniacal expedition in 7-Eleven stores and fast-food joints. In sports, a 25-year-old Marine choked to death during the speed-eating matches in North Carolina's Newport Pig Cooking Contest.

•On April 18, a bomb demolished much of the American embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, killing at least 33 people and wounding more than 80. Senators John Glenn and Ernest Hollings announced their candidacy for the presidency, and France expelled 47 Soviets after accusing them of espionage. On April 21 our Federal Bureau of Investigation announced the expulsion of three Soviets for similar misdeeds, and connoisseurs are waiting for the American Civil Liberties Union to step in; after all is not espionage another of those victimless crimes that progressives have analyzed so deftly?

•The President's National Commisssion on Education issued some very rude findings on American schools. In Phoenix, Arizona a junior high school teacher was suspended for one year for "gross insensitivity" in his "human sexuality" lecture. Allegedly he asked school boys to bring sperm samples to school. In Sacramento, California a high school coach, his wife (a school administrator), and a female teacher's aide pleaded no contest to charges of operating a sadomasochists' bordello. And at Montana State University students froze a kitten in a block of ice and floated it in a bowl of punch at a Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity party. Finally Mr. Russell Maguire was found not guilty by reason of insanity of molesting an eight-year-old girl. Mr. Maguire is heir to the Thompson submachine gun fortune. Rat-a-tat-tat!

—RET

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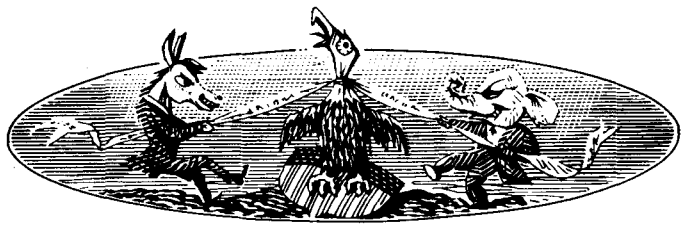

WE'RE NOT KGB

by Tom Bethell

I wondered what I should wear for the Institute for Policy Studies' 20th anniversary party at the Pension Building. It said on the invitation "Attire: picnic casual," and something about Blue Grass music. I tried to visualize Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin, co-founders of IPS, twanging banjos and mandolins and hopping about in cowboy suits, but it was too much for the imagination. I already knew exactly what they'd be wearing: tweedy sports jackets, gray slacks (dark gray), preppy button-down shirts and nondescript ties—in other words media rig. So I dressed the same, with the risqué substitution of navy blue corduroys (1930s Hampstead-socialist, poetry-reading and hiking-type), and bright RED belt, to tone in with the mood of the evening.

For those who may still be wondering what I'm talking about, IPS has been certified by the *New York Times*'s Charlotte Curtis as an "independent research organization," and Jimmy Carter's disarmament expert, Paul Warnke, who was to be IPS's master of ceremonies for the evening, would further attest that IPS is an organization which "can't be controlled by the KGB." So now you know: IPS—independent research organization, not controlled by KGB.

I paid my tax-deductible $35 and went into the Pension Building—a great brick structure from the Robber Baron Era and one of those buildings that brings out the sentimental side of left-wing intellectuals. The poor dears think of these old buildings, with their adorable quoins and corbels, as their very own cathedrals, and in their secular way they moon about inside them, communing reverently with the Commodore Vanderbilt trappings, the Frick friezes, and the Jay Gould joists. And so it was to be tonight at the Pension Building, vintage 1883, designed by Gen. Montgomery Meigs and the whole containing 15.5 million yummy red bricks.

Hundreds of lefties were pouring in the main entrance, all kissing one another on sight and swearing fealty to Mark and Dick. Round tables were decorated with red and white balloons (true-blue missing, get it?) and a band was setting up amidst the usual electronic shambles and twanging exploratory decibels out across the football field-sized space.

Here was Abner Mikva, the U.S. Court of Appeals judge (called a "moderate" by our confusing media taxonomists), and over yonder was Roger Wilkins, the Negro celeb. Here in earnest confab were Victor Navasky of the *Nation* and good old sturdy left-wing philanthropist Philip Stern, who has been bankrolling IPS since its inception (Phil has foundation-matured Sears Roebuck money to dispense). Richard Cohen was on hand, as was his wife Barbara, the news director of National Public Radio. Cohen told me that he was "celebrating the rejuvenation of the Left." He is a part of the *Washington Post* brood that goes "cluck cluck cluck" at Reagan every day, but endlessly confers the benefit of the doubt on Andropov, Arbatov & Co.

And here finally was good old Dick Barnet. It had been several years since I had seen him, but he was as affable, composed, and relaxed as ever. Barnet is so cool and attentive, you mentally take your hat off to him. He mentions his new book—something about the alliance, coming out in the *New Yorker*. He doesn't read the magazine much but he did rather enjoy William Buckley's articles recently. He courteously inquires what *you* are up to these days.

Richard Grenier tells me that in about 1963 he met Barnet shortly after a "blatant Communist-organized" meeting in Paris, with some such title as World Jurists for Peace. "From every single Warsaw Pact country the representative was either the Minister of Justice or the Deputy Minister," Grenier recalled. Representatives from the underground Communist parties of Western Europe were also present. The American representative was Dick Barnet. Grenier at the time thought it was a bit incautious of Barnet to be so openly associated with the Communist world—a period when "an endorsement from Moscow was still considered death"—but Barnet saw the future more accurately than Grenier. "I greatly underestimated the influence these people would have in the coming decades," said Grenier, who'd had an opportunity to speak to Barnet and ask him what he was up to. Barnet made small talk, conveying an impression of "economic opportunism," Grenier recalled. The think-tank business was opening up, and there were new financial vistas for those who couldn't make partner in the prestigious law firm.

I myself had met Barnet at a dinner party given by a genial fellow called Iqbal, then in the Pakistan Embassy. This was at a time when all fashionable folk in Washington were zooming off to Cuba, preferably in the entourage of Senator Abourezk or Senator McGovern, waiting with bated breath in Havana for the midnight invitation from Fidel, then coming back to Washington and making little moaning noises of ecstasy in the arms of those who had been left behind. And I recall that there were some moaned reunions that night, before we sat down to Iqbal's curry. I sat opposite a rather mean-spirited fellow, a Chilean Communist, who easily outdid all the others in the stridency of his anti-American table talk: Orlando Lete-

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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lier. He was blown up in an automobile on Massachusetts Avenue a few months later. Next to Letelier at the dinner sat Dick Barnet: no stridency there—he was simply the cool, attentive, watchful, independent researcher (and no naive Cuba-moaner, either).

Now I see that IPS is co-sponsoring a Minneapolis disarmament conference in May, with Georgi Arbatov's Moscow-based Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada. A bold move this, by IPS. Arbatov is a friend of Andropov, and a close student of the United States (see his co-authored book, *The Soviet Viewpoint,* just out from Dodd Mead). But I stress the word *student* —not instructor.

Well, back at the IPS party we all had our spareribs and chicken, and then, after a hearty round of applause for the guests from the Nicaraguan Embassy and the Cuban interest section, an effusive welcome from the mayor of Washington, and a resolution declaring April 5 "IPS Day" in Washington, D.C. (students of left-linkage might want to look into the links between IPS and the D.C. government), we all enjoyed a "roast" of Barnet and Raskin. Such well-known jokesters as George McGovern, Cora Weiss, Ron Dellums, Robert Kastenmeier, and Ralph Nader hammed it up on the dais. McGovern, who made over a million dollars trading real-estate in the decade following his presidential race, commented that he had given the matter some thought that afternoon, but "couldn't recall any indication at all from Mark or Dick that they ever wanted to be either red *or* dead." Moreover, he had "always had a certain appreciation for people who think that avoiding death as long as reasonably possible is a fairly high priority . . . the color I want least for my children and grandchildren is dead."

Paul Warnke spoke toward the end of the evening. He's quite a sketch. One wonders what can have been going on in his head since he was an assistant secretary of defense during the Vietnam debacle. To me he conveys the impression that he learned one thing from Vietnam—America is now on the losing side, and we should therefore reconcile ourselves to this position as speedily as possible. He dabbled in arms-control negotiations with the Russians, before returning to his practice, shared with Clark Clifford.

Warnke is a choleric-looking fellow, and you get the feeling that he wants to show the world that he's made of sterner stuff than his right-wing critics have suggested. Perhaps that is why he is willing to chair an IPS gathering. He said, misleadingly, that "unconventional thought" is "still somewhat suspect," and that "radicals of the right have managed to escape this stigma, and to retain social acceptability." Exactly the wrong way 'round, of course. If Warnke wants the unfashionableness of his friends to illustrate the purity of his principles, then there are a few right-wing gatherings I could direct him to. I wonder if Warnke's advice to his clients can be equally misleading.

It was probably also imprudent of Warnke to bring up the subject, not explicitly addressed by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave in their novel *The Spike,* of "KGB control" of IPS. "Those who would call into question whether even American might always makes right can find themselves the subject of such things as a cheap novel that suggests KGB control of ideas," Warnke told the 800 assembled before him. "Can you imagine Mark and Dick confronted with the KGB? Now Andropov would have applied for a transfer . . . [a few words inaudible here]. No, IPS is uncontrollable. It can't be controlled by

The Protectionist Illusion

The stagnating economy makes protectionism an ever more seductive temptress.

With millions of Americans out of work, pressures are mounting to restrict imports in hard-hit industries. The longer the economic slump, the stronger the sentiment to protect American products and the jobs of people who make them by erecting barriers to the flow of goods into the U.S. from abroad.

All nations, of course, want good economic times and high employment for their own people. To one degree or another, all countries are protectionist. The United States is less so than most. Since the end of World War II, we've been opening our borders and vast internal markets to other countries' wares. In turn, products made in America have found acceptance around the world, generating jobs here at home.

Protectionist fever was rampant in the 1930s. The results were calamitous: sky-high tariffs on imports, retaliatory measures by other countries, trade warfare, unemployment — depression.

Now the protectionist peril is welling up anew. Forces at work in the U.S. and other countries are undermining the international trading system that has evolved over the post-war decades and stimulated economic growth in most parts of the world.

Governments beset by economic troubles, especially unemployment, find themselves increasingly prodded to embrace such measures as import restrictions, trade quotas, and export subsidies. Politically, such measures may have appeal. Economically, they promise only disaster — a deepening of the world's economic ills, more people out of work, perhaps another outbreak of trade warfare like that of the Great Depression.

From the lessons of the past, it's clear that protectionist remedies are an illusion. They don't work. They are self-defeating, wiping out more jobs than they preserve. While some jobs may be saved in a protected industry, others are lost elsewhere in the economy.

Retreat from free trade lessens competition, deprives consumers of a full choice of products, drives up prices, and stokes inflation. Producers protected from competition lose their incentive to invest, improve, modernize, expand, compete — create more jobs.

Nations and people everywhere are better off with a trade system that's free and fair. As a principal economic power, the U.S. should lead the way to greater cooperation and openness in commerce as the best hope for economic health among all nations.

Let's not choke off imports. Let's expand exports.

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the CIA, or by the FBI, or by the KGB. It's a demonstration of the fundamental independence of American thought."

Although slightly inaccurate (IPS thought bears a strong resemblance to socialist thought the world over, and as such shows conformity rather than independence), Warnke's comments are in an important sense correct. Mark and Dick and IPS do not think what they think and do what they do because they are acting on anyone's instructions. They are not "card-carrying" anything and they do not secretly attend meetings with Soviet agents. If anything, the direction of influence has been the very reverse. The rhetoric and vocabulary of Arbatov's book much more closely resembles that of the *New York Times* editorial page, the Haynes Johnson column, and the IPS study than that of Lenin. Arbatov is *learning* from the American Left, not teaching them. No doubt that is why Haynes Johnson, whose columns always repay study, quoted Arbatov at some length recently and duly noted his "disturbing eloquence."

"The Soviets consciously borrow from the United States—technology, managerial know-how, *style* [my emphasis]," Barnet wrote in *The Giants.* "But Americans, even those who would like to see fundamental change in the system, have little interest in the Soviet model." I think we must agree with Barnet about this.

Conservatives must abandon their conspiratorial explanations of leftist patterns of behavior and thought. Denial of the conspiracies (which once existed but no longer do), exposes to ridicule the suggestion that there are patterns (which do exist). An explanation based on instinct can be far more effective, and the Left itself sometimes invokes it. When rightists suggest that Soviet-armed, Cuban-supplied guerrillas in El Salvador or elsewhere demonstrate a world-wide conspiracy, the Left has an interesting response—again containing an element of truth. The rebellion, they say, is *indigenous,* implying that deep in the human heart there is this natural, instinctive desire for socialism which (if not repressed by capitalists *et al*), will somehow find expression.

Okay, I'll buy that. El Salvador's rebels are indigenous, the socialist aspirations of IPS are indigenous, Dick Barnet and Marcus Raskin are indigenous. And so IPS is an indigenous research organization, not controlled by the KGB. □

EDITORIAL

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

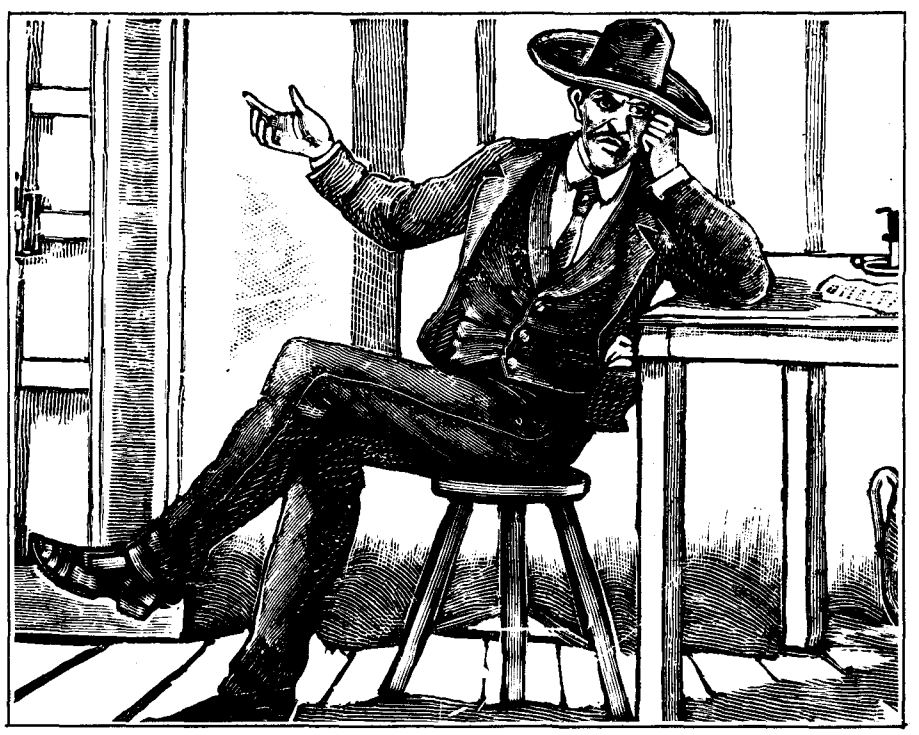
Perhaps I am just another "woolly-headed" liberal, dreaming of a better world mellow under sway of the golden rule; but I believe that it is time for the antagonists in Central America to sit down at the conference table and compose their disagreements in a humane manner so that they might get on with the real business of government, which is to say: bringing progress and reform to the people.

I am not alone. There is growing talk in liberal circles of the benefits of a "many-sided dialogue" on Central America featuring not only the region's indigenous nations but also the Reagan Administration, Cuba, and the USSR. A report signed by such no-nonsense types as ex-Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, and Mayor Henry Cisneros of San Antonio, Texas, called for just such a confabulation last month. I endorse it.

Let us have "political solutions" in Central America rather than the continued violence. Trying for "military solutions" is a futile business. Did a "military solution" ever work in Vietnam? Let the embattled Central American governments bring their opposition into "popular front" governments so that we can get on with raising health standards, the Gross National Product, consciousness!

Economic backwardness in this region is appalling. So are health conditions. The women's movement is widely snickered at, and nowhere can you find a champion of gay rights who still has his front teeth intact. Improving the quality of life here is going to be a big job, and it cannot be undertaken until there is political harmony.

Now the first place I should like to suggest a political solution is in Nicaragua. The *Wall Street Journal* made the suggestion in March, and it is surprising that my fellow liberals have remained mum. In a series of vivid reports the *Washington Post* has verified the existence of a well-organized rebel force actively opposing the Sandinista government. Further, we know that there are other disenchanted elements in the country. Nicaragua's is not a very democratic government. It is isolated from the people, and has brought in outside military advisers from Cuba and the Soviet Union. Its problems could become worse.



The Sandinista government has been accused of numerous abuses against human rights, of failing to hold elections, and of petty acts of corruption. Thousands of Miskito Indians have been uprooted, and their villages have been destroyed. Many peasants who held rosy expectations for land reform are now bitter that the government forces them to give up their crops. The Catholic Church has been harassed, and this year it was barred from broadcasting uncensored Easter week services over its own station.

Obviously the Sandinistas are going to find themselves increasingly alienated from their own people. The bloodshed could get even worse. It is exigent that the junta sit down with all elements of the opposition and form a truly representative government. Will the Sandinistas do it? My guess is no, not without pressure from "world opinion."

Well, then, why have we not heard from the voices of world opinion? Human rights are obviously in dreadful condition in Nicaragua. Insurgents are all over the place. Why no outcry similar to the gathering outcry for a "political solution" in El Salvador? Is it because the Reagan Administration is on the side of the government in El Salvador and of the rebels in Nicaragua? →

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

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During the glory days of the Carter Administration I believe it was Ambassador Andrew Young who used to urge the United States to get on the side of revolution. If the reports in the media are to be believed, America is now firmly on the side of revolution in Nicaragua. Why are my fellow liberals not enthusiastic? Do they actually endorse the Sandinistas' oppression of the Miskito Indians and the Catholic Church? Do they agree with the Nicaraguan government's refusal to hold elections?

I agree with Cy Vance. Let us get on with "a many-sided dialogue" in Central America, but I wish he and his fellow liberals would be bolder by calling for a "coalition government" in Nicaragua. Sometimes it is very confusing to be a liberal. □

COMMENCEMENT RITES

Spring is here, and that means that on college campuses there will be beer guzzling and lewd doings on the lawns of fraternity and sorority houses. There will also be demonstrators, suppressing commencement speakers and maybe even bringing violence upon them. Actually the suppression of campus speakers has been on the rise for some time, but college officials fear it will increase with the balmy spring breezes.

Now, which species of campus high-jinks do you suppose will be put down more firmly by university administrators, the bawdiness and boozing or the harassment of speakers? Let me tell you: indignant administrators will call in the cops with alacrity and a clear conscience when the jolly times turn overly bibulous, and it will be a stern and a magisterial university vice president who addresses the hung-over coeds and college boys the day after. Yet when a minority of idealists driven by goof-ball enthusiasms shouts down a distinguished speaker or heaves debris at him, a surprising number of university administrators will find the problem very delicate indeed.

Just what kind of speakers are being driven from the podiums? Are they homosexuals, advocates of weird cults, or atheistic Communists? All such folk speak on campus regularly. Is a campaign being orchestrated by the New Right or that other dreadful menace to our freedoms, the Moral Majority? Imagine the furor if it were. The *New York Times*'s editorial pages would be inked in purple, tears would be shed on the evening news. Every good liberal would be in his prayer chamber, and at Yale, President A. Bartlett Giamatti would be launching still more alarums against the rising intolerance of the sinister Christian Right.

Of course the speakers being harassed are not all that controversial, at least not to the mainstream Americans whose tax dollars keep many of our institutions of higher learning open. Rather the speakers are usually representatives of our government or other eminent citizens with perfectly democratic views. Why is it so difficult to maintain order when they arrive on campus? For that matter, why is their presence on campus so inflammatory? Some would create less of a stir on foreign campuses, and all would be safer speaking on any campus in the Soviet Union.

The answer is that American universities are increasingly provinces of bitterness, extremism, and anti-democratic values. Though the vast majority of university professors and administrators are well-intentioned people of carefully elaborated liberality, they are just disinclined to scotch their radicals even when the radicals act like storm troopers. Moreover there is that other little bug in their systems. It is hard for them to accept conservatives as having the same moral heft as liberals, not to mention those legendary species of American dissenter, for instance the Marxist, the anarchist, the militant. These conventional liberals expect conservatives to run small businesses and dutifully pay taxes. Those are the "good conservatives." When such conservatives express political views they cause consternation, and when they express those views forcefully they transform themselves into "arch" conservatives and very dubious characters.

A frequent victim of campus idealists has been our chief delegate to the United Nations, Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, one of the more accomplished women to step off a college campus—she was professor at Georgetown for a decade—and into public life. Why should Jeane Kirkpatrick be so controversial at such liberal bastions as the University of California at Berkeley, where on February 15 she was forced from a lecture platform and made to cancel an address scheduled for the next day, while campus administrators hunkered under their desks? Has she been creating turmoil and angst at the United Nations? No, strangely enough while she has been there the United Nations has been comparatively quiescent—in fact more so than when the fabulous Andy Young was our ambassador, and he was reputed to be the most honeyed diplomat ever sent to soothe the Third World. Kirkpatrick is being hounded for administration policy in Central America. Like their heroes in the Sandinista government and the Salvadoran revolution our campus radicals flee from normal democratic channels, abuse the majority, and turn to violence.

Can nothing be done so that the majority of students might be free to hear the likes of Jeane Kirkpatrick? Last March organizations representing the nation's college presidents and faculty members issued a plea for tolerance. They could do more. I suggest they lighten their patrols along fraternity row and station a few cops in their lecture halls. Such a plan was followed at the University of Kansas recently. Four pests were arrested and freedom reigned. □

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter from Admiral Stockdale

Dear Mr. Tyrrell,

Thank you for your letter of January 19, and your agreeable comments about my appearance with Diane Sawyer on CBS morning news on January 13. She was a peach, and it was a pleasure to be led in such a relaxed manner through a brief discussion of my experiences as a prisoner of war in Hanoi, and to chat with her about the academic course I'm teaching at Stanford.

But did you catch that same show at the same time exactly two weeks later? Diane Sawyer was not part of that 7:45 segment on January 27; rather for about five minutes the screen was filled with old Vietnam war scenes narrated off camera by Bill McLaughlin. He reminded viewers that January 27 was the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Vietnam Peace Accords:

". . . and then (on December 18, 1972) came the Christmas bombing of civilian targets . . . which had nothing to do with ending the war. . . . The number of civilian casualties has yet to be released."

There are enough falsehoods in that paragraph alone to justify a demand for equal time. Those eleven days of bombing at the end of 1972 are a subject I could discuss on CBS morning news with *real* credentials. I was an eyewitness. And the truth is that not one bomb was dropped on Christmas; civilian targets were never deliberately hit (and far fewer were accidentally hit than in any bombing of a large industrial complex since the invention of the airplane); the raids broke the will of the North Vietnamese as did nothing else in that war; and the number of total casualties (some lesser part of which were undoubtedly civilians) was publicly released by the North Vietnamese government and printed in the *New York Times* within a week after the last bomb was dropped on December 29. The casualty number was extremely low —1,318 killed—no more than a scant percentage of the casualty numbers common for European and Japanese cities bombed with comparable tonnage during World War II. Moreover, North Vietnam persisted, and still persists, in the validity of their figures. These facts have been in the public domain for years, yet they have been ignored again and again and again. So let me make a few points you won't normally hear on CBS.

If I learned nothing else during eight years in wartime Hanoi, it was that Clausewitz is as right today as he was during the Napoleonic Wars; the name of the game in war is to break the enemy's *will.*

Now airpower's greatest utility is its shock effect, its ability to create fear and panic, particularly among the uninitiated and undisciplined. By the time our tactical raids crept up to Hanoi in 1966, every civilian in the city had undergone months and months of instruction in civil defense. "The scenario goes like this," the party-cadre's man might well have explained to the people on his block:

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"The air-raid siren wails in mid-morning, you run and get in your hole, the planes roll in, there is a lot of noise, a bridge is bombed, the 'all clear' is sounded. By then there are a few fires and the trucks wheel past; there are also likely to be a few casualties, particularly at the antiaircraft batteries, and one or two ambulances might be heard en route. Meanwhile, the other 99.99 percent of us can chop chop by the numbers back to our work stations. And that's all there is to it until afternoon when it will all start and end within fifteen minutes just like it did in the morning." City life can seemingly go on forever under mere tactical bombings if the population is well indoctrinated. (Bloomington could cope, too, with prior instruction like this.)

In Hanoi in those years of tactical bombings, there were few surprises. Everything seemed programmed. The Americans were constrained by self-imposed rules that were public knowledge on the streets of North Vietnam's capital city. Though the guards of the prisons feigned wide-eyed hostility during the few minutes of the raid, the street sounds were back to normal right after the "all clear" siren. Patriotic music was soon blaring from the speakers at every corner, while our interrogators strutted about the prison yards defiantly. By nightfall an almost carnival atmosphere could be sensed. Songfests went off as scheduled in the guards' quarters and in the city parks. Clever American prisoners with a good ear for lyrics could identify the targets hit that day from their mention in songs sung that night.

Thus went life in Hanoi throughout the latter half of 1966, all of 1967, and through March of 1968—until President Johnson halted the bombing. In Hanoi, this stoppage brought about no change in the brutality with which we prisoners were treated. For many of us, our very worst tortures occurred during that Johnson-initiated hiatus of bombing. Our North Vietnamese captors seemed contemptuous of our government's sheepishness.

In late 1971 in Hanoi we began to hear air raid sirens again, and a new generation of prisoners started to trickle in to join us. Off and on for about a year, we had the tactical raid situation we had known five and six years before.

But a totally contrasting atmosphere swept the city about an hour after dark on that December 18 night in 1972. At first we (in the very center of Hanoi in Hoa Lo prison) thought it was a regular tactical raid of the sort that came in every few nights. The bombs were hitting out where they usually hit—in the railroad yards, power plant, and airfield areas. Some of the prisoners did detect higher level explosions early in the bombardment, but it wasn't until these explosions were still being heard 20 minutes later that the cheers started to go up all over the cell blocks of that downtown prison. This was a new reality for Hanoi. These were big explosions—and the bombs kept coming! Though landing thousands of yards away, they shook the ground under us and plaster fell from all the ceilings. The days of Mickey Mouse were over! Our wonderful America was here to deliver a message, not a self-conscious stammer of apology. "Let's hear it for President Nixon!" went the cry from cell block to cell block, all around the courtyard.

And the bombers kept coming, and we kept cheering. Guards, normally enraged by loud talk, guards who normally thrust their bayonetted rifles through the bars and screamed at us if we had the temerity to shout, could only be seen silently cowering in the lee of the prison walls, their faces ashen in the light reflected from the fiery skies above.

So it went, hour after hour, night after night, with frequent tactical raids in the daytime. Once in a while, prisoners on the far side of the compound, looking south, identified a particularly brilliant torch among the array of bursting antiaircraft shells and surface-to-air missiles. Some claimed they could then make out a tumbling, burning B-52. But if they could see one, all Hanoi could see it too. For the North Vietnamese to see that and the bomber stream continuing to roll right on like old man river was a message in itself: proof that all that separated Hanoi from doomsday was an American national order to keep the bombs out on the hard targets. We prisoners knew this was the end of North Vietnamese resistance, and the North Vietnamese knew it, too.

At dawn, the streets of Hanoi were absolutely silent. The usual patriotic wakeup music was missing, the familiar street sounds, the horns, all gone. In prison interrogators and guards would inquire about our needs solicitously. Unprecedented morning coffee was delivered to our cell blocks. One look at any Vietnamese officer's face told the whole story. It telegraphed accommodation, hopelessness, remorse, fear. The shock was there; our enemy's will was broken. The sad thing was that we all knew that what we were seeing could have been done in any ten-day period in the previous seven years and saved the lives of thousands, including most of those 57,000 dead Americans.

By December 29, Hanoi was almost out of ammunition. (The mining of Haiphong harbor worked, too.) There was no need to continue the bombing. The North Vietnamese negotiators (who had come home to Hanoi in a huff just before the B-52s rolled in on December 18) were anxious to rejoin Henry Kissinger at the conference table. In less than two weeks they accepted our terms. And in less than a month I was back in Coronado, California with my wife, Sybil, and our four kids to whom I had said goodbye eight years before.

—James Bond Stockdale
Hoover Institution
Stanford, California

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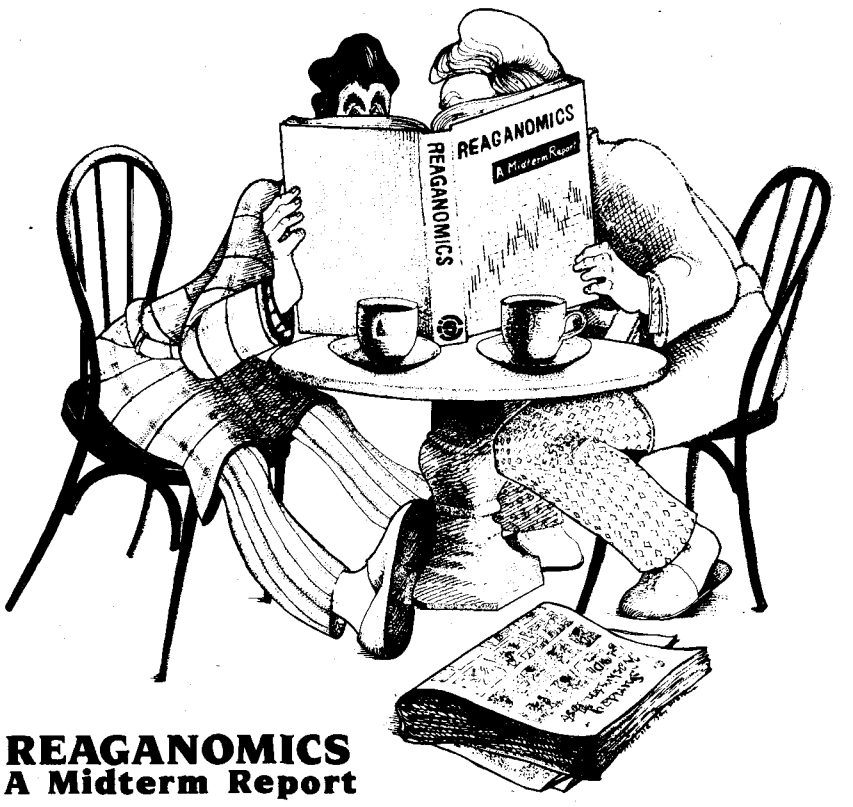
Ronald Reagan and Tip O'Neill should sit down next Sunday and read this book.



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Fred Barnes

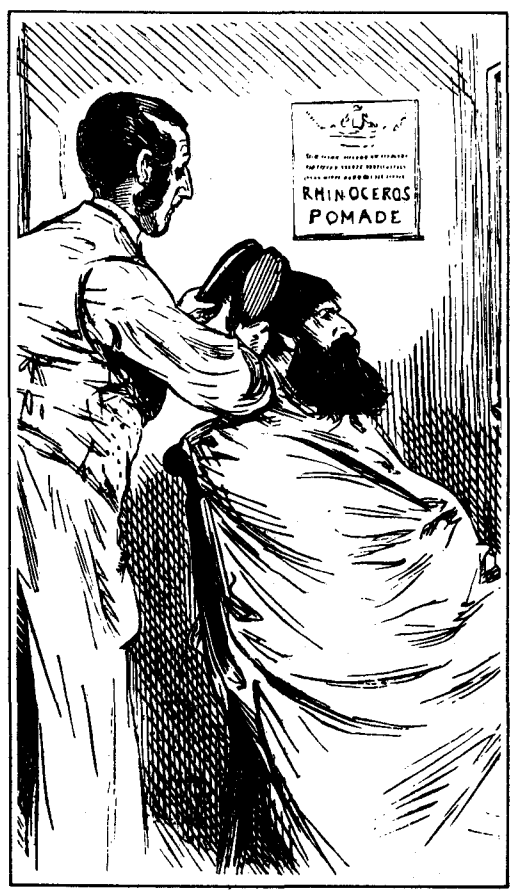
BLACK POWER IN CHICAGO

Racism's "positive" side.

The election of Harold Washington as Chicago's first black mayor was a significant political event, but not for the reasons that have circulated ostentatiously since his April 12 victory. Racism was not defeated in Chicago, which is 40 percent black, nor was the Rev. Jesse L. Jackson rebuked. Jackson actually stands to gain considerable political clout as a result of Washington's triumph. And black political leaders of less demagogic bent than Jackson are now far from likely to slip back to the semi-obscurity of the middle and rear ranks of the Democratic party, where they have spent so much time over the years—just the opposite. Nor was the party given a meaningful national boost by the victory of a black Democrat in a racially troubled and still predominantly white city. Instead, the Democratic coalition, already punchy after the bout with Ronald Reagan in 1980, took another damaging shot, once more with the whole world watching. Finally, forget about reports that the old Democratic machine in Chicago is lingering near death but may revive. In any meaningful political sense, the machine is dead.

It was not the demise of a political anachronism, though, that brought scores of reporters to Chicago. The lure was racial bigotry and discord, always a good story and easy to write. White bigots facilitated the coverage by sometimes displaying their prejudice publicly. This came in the form of plain white buttons and ones showing a watermelon with a black slash across it. During an Irish parade, as Washington's Republican opponent Bernard Epton marched by, one woman opened her jacket, exposing a T-shirt with the message, "Vote Right, Vote White." For sure, the press tended to exaggerate the degree to which undiluted racism was a factor in white hostility to Washington. There were plenty of nonracial reasons for rejecting Washington, but they drew less attention. And reporters underplayed Washington's exploitative use of the racial issue in his own behalf. But racial feelings *were* encouraged and mobilized in the Washington-Epton contest—by both sides.

White Democrats began worrying about Washington even before the February 22 primary in which he won the Democratic nomination by topping then-Mayor Jane Byrne and State's Attorney Richard M. Daley. Former Governor Richard Ogilvie, a Republican backing Byrne, signed a letter to white residents arguing that votes for Daley would tip the election to Washington. On the weekend before the primary, Edward (Fast Eddie) Vrdolyak, the chairman of the Cook County Democratic party, told white ward leaders that "the race thing" was paramount and that Washington could be stopped only if whites got behind Byrne. The warnings by Ogilvie and Vrdolyak were not heeded, but their advice helped set the raw racial tone for the contest between Washington and Epton.



So did the conduct of Washington and his allies, including Jackson. Washington had run virtually a blacks-only campaign in the primary, trumpeting the slogan "It's Our Turn" and promising both to fire the white police chief and install a civilian review board. He got 86 percent of the black vote, winning with a mere 36.3 percent of the total primary vote (Chicago does not require run-off elections). Since Washington attracted few white votes, the obvious step for him was to attempt a reconciliation with white Democrats. That attempt never came, and some Democrats felt that Washington feared overtures to whites would jeopardize his appeal in the black community. Washington ignored phone calls from former Vice President Walter F. Mondale and local party leaders for days, insisting that Mondale had "some explaining to do" because of his primary endorsement of Daley. Though Washington had failed to endorse Daley in the 1980 race for state's attorney and was resolute in his vow to uproot the Democratic organization's influence at City Hall, he claimed that ward leaders were obligated to back him. Byrne, of course, had faced a similar situation in 1979, having beaten the organization's man, incumbent Michael Bilandic, in the primary. She wooed the ward leaders and got 82 percent of the vote against a no-name Republican. Washington didn't and got 52 percent.

How much did race have to do with the 30 percentage-point disparity? Something, but not everything. Chicago pols have never been fastidious about backing only

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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those candidates they find personally palatable. The organization supported George McGovern in the 1972 presidential race, even after the McGovern forces at the Democratic convention had ousted the Illinois delegation headed by Richard J. Daley, the Chicago mayor and political boss. McGovern carried the city. Washington was different for two reasons. He threatened to dismantle the organization's cherished patronage system. "Why should I give him [Washington] the guillotine to chop off my head?" said Alderman Roman Pucinski, one of eight ward leaders who endorsed Epton. Sixteen others (out of 50) and Vrdolyak were said to have worked privately to aid Epton. "Support for the Democratic nominee has been based on continuation of the existing [party] structure," explained Cecil Partee, the city's treasurer and a black supporter of Washington. "He's said he doesn't want to operate that way. . . . He sort of changed the rules."

The second reason was race. Some white ward leaders inclined to stick with the party's nominee found they were unable to sell their followers on Washington, especially in ethnic Catholic neighborhoods. In Bridgeport, the home turf of the Daleys and a reliable Democratic stronghold, Washington lost to Epton by 74 to 26 percent. In the predominantly Irish ward of Illinois House Speaker Michael Madigan, he lost by 94 to 6 percent. "The people in my area just don't want a black mayor," explained Alderman Anthony Laurino candidly. "It's as simple as that." John Geocaris, a ward committeeman, defended racial bloc voting. "I've been in this business a long time and I know people vote along racial lines and ethnic lines. What's wrong with that?"

Nothing, if one were to judge by Washington's effort in the black wards. Unanimous support for Washington was promoted, to say the least. "I know Bernie Epton and I kind of like him," said one black leader. "But if I said anything nice about him in public, that would be suicide for me. What ever happened to individual freedom?" A black dentist and friend of Partee encountered pro-Washington intolerance in the primary. As he was working on the teeth of a long-time patient, Partee said, the dentist mentioned idly that he didn't intend to vote for Washington. The patient leaped from the chair, her dental work unfinished, and announced peremptorily, "You'll never work on my mouth again." A similar experience befell a black barber, Partee said.

Epton's bid to capitalize on Democratic defectors by concluding his television commercials with "Vote for Epton, Before It's Too Late" actually backfired by galvanizing the black community. Blacks were outraged by what they viewed as an openly racist appeal; whites didn't need to be reminded of Washington's color. John Deardourff, the political consultant who came up with the slogan, claimed it was injected in the TV spots only to punctuate the point that a man with Washington's record—36 days in jail for failing to file tax returns, temporary disbarment for cheating clients, a history of unpaid bills—*should be kept from the mayor's office.* This explanation was disingenuous, however, because the slogan was also used in ads that didn't mention Washington's record.

There were plenty of non-racial reasons for rejecting Washington, but they drew less attention.

A more plausible candidate might have overcome the media blunder. But all Epton had was his criticism of Washington, often expressed snidely, and this was partially offset by the disclosure that Epton had undergone psychiatric treatment. He also needlessly antagonized the press, once telling a TV correspondent, "you're a disgrace to your camera crew." Epton was persuasive only when denying that he was, as Washington alleged, "a Reagan clone." Washington was lucky to be wrong; a Reagan clone would have beaten him.

In the polarized racial environment, blacks dismissed any criticism of Washington as racist. Even when white Police Superintendent Richard Brzeczek announced, two days before the election, that he was resigning, blacks saw a racial motive. "This is an underhanded attempt to help Epton," asserted Alderman Danny Davis, a Washington supporter. "Brzeczek is hoping to stir up whites even more by saying, 'Washington is about to win, therefore I'm going.'"

Any citation of Washington's legal troubles was deemed racially motivated. At a rally staged at the headquarters of Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH, actress Esther Rolle (Florida in the TV series, "Good Times") declared it un-Christian and reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan to harp on Washington's background. In 1970, he was stripped of the right to practice law after numerous clients reported he had taken money from them, pathetically small amounts in all cases, and then refused to provide any legal service. While a state legislator in 1972, he was jailed for failing to file income-tax returns for four years, though the federal prosecutor said he hadn't filed for 19 years. He also had his salary garnisheed to cover unpaid bills, and he and his partners owed back taxes on a piece of slum property as recently as this year. Nonetheless, Rolle likened picketers who raised the tax issue to "the same forces that I saw as a child in Florida that were dressed in sheets." If they were Christians, where was their "sense of forgiveness? Did you ever hear the admonition, judge not that ye be not judged?" Besides, she said, Ronald Reagan didn't pay any tax one year (she neglected to say this was because of legitimate deductions) and he was elected President.

At a tense session with skeptical reporters on election eve, members of Washington's campaign staff took the tack that his legal problems were private matters and therefore had no bearing on his suitability for office. By this absurd

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standard, Richard Speck could run for mayor, telling voters that his murder of Chicago nurses should be ignored because he committed the crimes on his private time. The hear-no-evil sentiment was put into poetry by a young PUSH volunteer, Doreen Charles. She wrote:

People of Chicago, we have got to unite
Stand up for Harold Washington because he's right
Let's save this city from its racist fear
Say no to Epton, say no to Reaganomics here
When Harold won, old Bernie did a song and dance
Cause whites began to panic, he thought here's my chance
Since it was clear that Jane and Richie missed the boat
He said if nothing else, I'll get the racist vote
To try to get attention, he distorts the facts
By making fun of Harold and insulting blacks
He'll try to win the white vote any way he can
Don't wait, Push 8, and vote the people's man . . .
Blacks, Hispanics, women and the working class
Labor, youth, the unemployed said in one mass
They said when they chose Harold over Mayor Byrne
We've been excluded long enough. Now it's our turn.

Until the last week of the campaign, Washington campaigned sparingly in white neighborhoods; Epton ignored the black community completely. And Washington's rhetoric was not exactly reassuring to whites, either. Two weeks before election day, he denounced Epton for "playing with fire" by touching on racial matters. "There are people in this city who are on a tremendous high, a good positive thing," he said. "But if they get the feeling that this is going to turn into a race war, then it might turn bitter, evil, angry and you've got a mess on your hands. Somewhere down the line, it is conceivable that if this thing gets out of hand some innocent person, a month from now, walking down the street, may wind up dead because someone triggered an irrational moment, a hate thing that got out of hand."

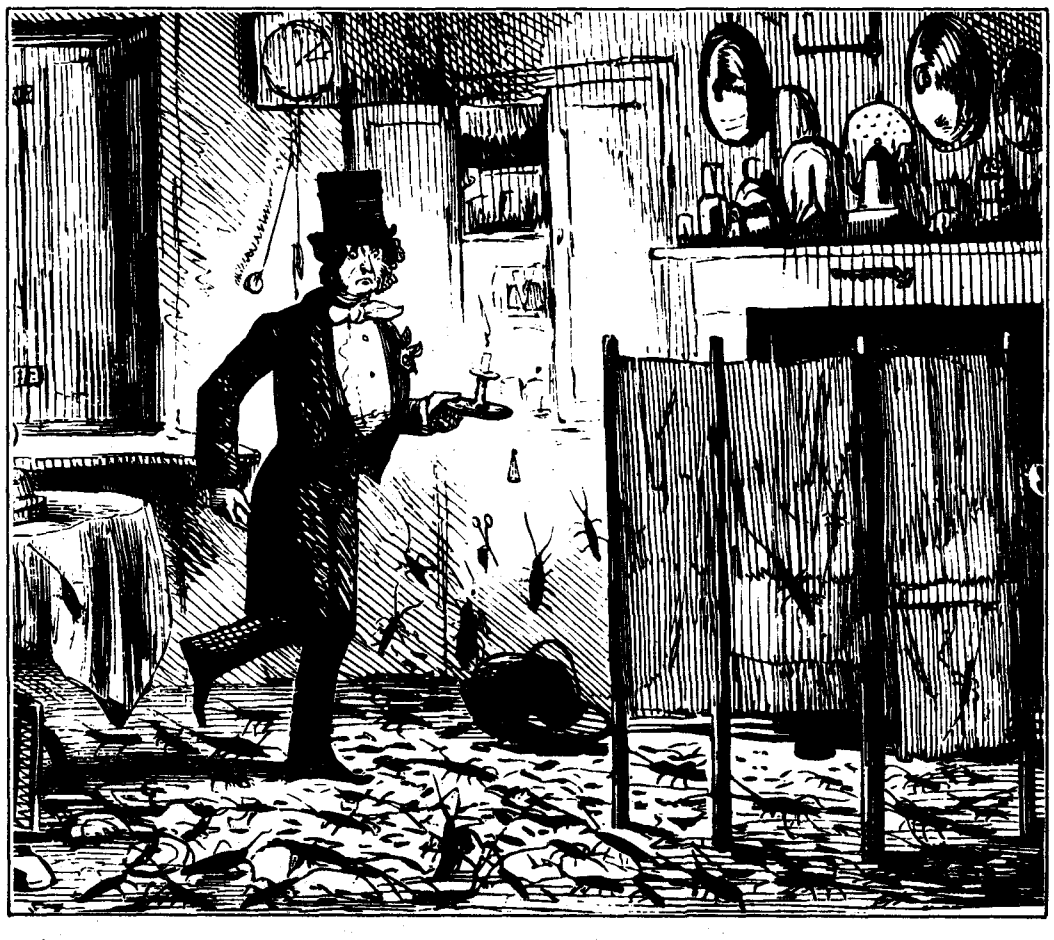
Rather than court whites, Washington sought to mau-mau them into voting for him out of guilt. And this strategy was enormously aided by the heckling that a crowd of placard-brandishing Epton supporters directed at him and Mondale when they visited a Catholic church in a white neighborhood on Palm Sunday. Washington piously blamed Epton for the incident, then went on to exploit it in television ads. One TV commercial showed photos of a Klan rally, the assassinations of John F. Kennedy and the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Vietnam war, followed by shots of the jeering crowd at the church. "There are moments in our history of which we are thoroughly and profoundly ashamed," the announcer said. "One of those moments may be happening in Chicago right now."

Guilt worked. Washington was sliding toward defeat until the church incident, pollster Patrick Caddell said, but he managed to stabilize and even pick up a few percentage points in the closing days of the race. He got 18 percent of the white vote and an astounding 97 percent of the black vote. The liberal conceit is that the 97 percent was an expression of black pride—"positive racism," the *New Republic* called it—while the 18 percent was a result of white racism. The fact is, though, that most black voters never for a moment considered casting their votes for Epton, solely because he was a white running against a black. Positive or not, that is racism.

But there was a conservative conceit in the Chicago campaign, too. It holds that any number of other blacks would have won the mayor's race by a comfortable margin and that Washington's past and his liberal agenda, not his race, forced white Democrats to defect. Certainly Partee, the city treasurer, or Illinois Comptroller Roland Burris or Alderman Wilson Frost would have been more acceptable to whites, notably because they are organization Democrats. But there is a catch here. Because they are organization Democrats, they never would have won the Democratic nomination. For a black, the only way to win the primary is to go outside the organization and try to pull together the burgeoning black vote, which is what Washington did. That, in turn, makes the black unpalatable to organization whites.

Blacks may no longer have to worry about appeasing whites in Chicago. The fear among white politicians is that blacks will become a majority there within a few years. If that happens, black political control would go unchallenged, as in Detroit. In any case, the lesson that blacks are likely to take from the Washington victory is that racial solidarity works. And the way to mobilize black voters and maximize their political influence is to run black candidates. Even if they lose, they will be in a strong bargaining position. Nobody understands this better than Jesse Jackson, who played a major role in the downfall of Jane Byrne. He organized both the successful black boycott of her Chicago-Fest celebration last summer and the registration drive that brought out 100,000 new black voters. They led directly to Washington's victory. White politicians and reporters are given to sneering at Jackson, particularly because he is a relentless and unabashed publicity hound, but he is tireless and influential. And not to be underestimated.

Jackson has little but disdain for white Democratic leaders, and this has become a safe stance to take in Chicago. What can the organization do to him? A snowstorm doomed its candidate (Bilandic) in the 1979 Democratic primary. A campaign cache of $10 million wasn't enough to protect its incumbent (Byrne) this year. Blacks have parted company. With the organization disintegrated and blacks gaining at least temporary hegemony, the future does not seem bright for the Democratic party. Reagan got many ethnic Catholics to side with him in 1980; Epton got a far bigger percentage of their vote, signaling more loudly still the breakdown of the Democratic coalition in Chicago. That coalition depended on black votes, but not on black power. With a black Democrat as mayor, whites may find that voting Republican in Chicago is habit-forming. □



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P.H. Terzian

MICHAEL STRAIGHT'S LISTLESS AMBITION

It turns out he betrayed both country and friends.

Two lonely, rather pathetic old sodomites have died in their respective apartments in the past few months: Donald Maclean in Moscow, and Anthony Blunt in London. By the relative standards we must apply in such cases, Maclean had the more squalid end and Blunt the greater luck. Maclean was beginning the fourth decade of his Soviet exile, a down-at-the-heels diplomatic bureaucrat, a drunk on Moscow rations, still following the cricket scores in the newspaper and, perhaps, still thinking of the wife who had left him for the bed of his fellow traitor, Harold (Kim) Philby.

By contrast, Blunt's treachery was not uncovered until many years after Maclean had fled England, and it was not known to the public until he was an old man. The obloquy which he surely deserved was great but mercifully brief. He was not prosecuted, nor even made to reveal very much except what his interrogators undoubtedly knew. He was deprived of his knighthood, it is true; but with a traitor it is difficult to say whether such things as honor and self-esteem—as we understand them, anyway—are qualities to be earned and lost. Blunt died unrepentant and, it is safe to assume, comparatively self-satisfied.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic, Michael Straight is settling into a troubled old age. He must know, even if he cannot bring himself to admit it, that the prosaic dreams he dreamed as an Anglo-American undergraduate at Cambridge will never come true. Whatever vision of the future he shared with Blunt, Maclean, Philby, Guy Burgess, and the whole odious brotherhood has not come to pass—and, if we are more fortunate than we deserve to be, will not come to pass so long as Straight is held in the sort of contempt his memoir* must certainly bring.

His lifetime of earnest endeavor, of wheeling and dealing in the shadow land of idle play and ideology, has brought him to the dead end from which he began. This is a journey along an intellectual cul-de-sac. In truth, Michael Straight has failed at every turn: as a Communist, an erstwhile revolutionary, journalist, diplomat, politician, novelist, and now autobiographer and clarifier of recent history. He has written more manifestos, initialed more memoranda, founded more emergency committees, and toured more cooperatives than he can ever hope to describe, or comprehend. Even Anthony Blunt knew that of all the boys in the Cambridge band it was Michael Straight who would turn them in. And turn them in he did—but for what? Ambition, of course; the prospect of a presidential appointment was dangled before his eyes, and the confessor's stall could scarcely contain him.

In one of those curious paradoxes that have dogged his career, it was the Nixon Administration in which he served his country to some respectable degree. He had become the thing he despised the most.

Of course, the details of Michael Straight's wayward path—to the extent that we know them all—are too well known to recount in much detail. Perhaps better known is his penchant for reading about himself and telephoning his solicitor. For example, he says that while he may have been a Communist in spirit he was never a spy in practice; and that while his patron Blunt may have dispatched him to America with espionage in mind, he, Straight, engaged in no such thing. Indeed, the information that he passed along to his Soviet agent friend in Washington may well have presented his personal view, may not have been classified, and may have been of no value as intelligence. Very well; and for the sake of argument, I am prepared to believe him.

However, along with this comes his rather offhand admission that he knew traitors, knew what they were doing, and may even have understood something of the consequences of their activities. (He talks at some length about his academic triumphs. Presumably they led to some small measure of understanding.) If that is not treachery it is at least misprision; and if there is no statutory foundation for condemning what he has done, there must be at least an ethical revulsion at his blindness. I say "blindness" to be charitable. Having chosen to follow E.M. Forster's famous dictum that it is better to betray one's country than one's friends, Straight cannot take that banality one logical step further: he cannot understand that, by sparing one's "friends," a great many strangers are made to suffer and die. That is obtuseness raised to the level of moral principle.

To which we might ask, how is it thus? And the answer, I fear, is the curse of wealth. Michael Straight was born into a world of half-educated privilege. His father, who founded the *New Republic*, died young—perhaps too late. His heiress mother, her blank mind fortified by an endless supply of blank checks, married again, repaired with her English husband to Britain, and established one of those cathedrals of the century of the common

**After Long Silence.* Norton, $17.50.

P.H. Terzian is an editor at the Los Angeles Times.

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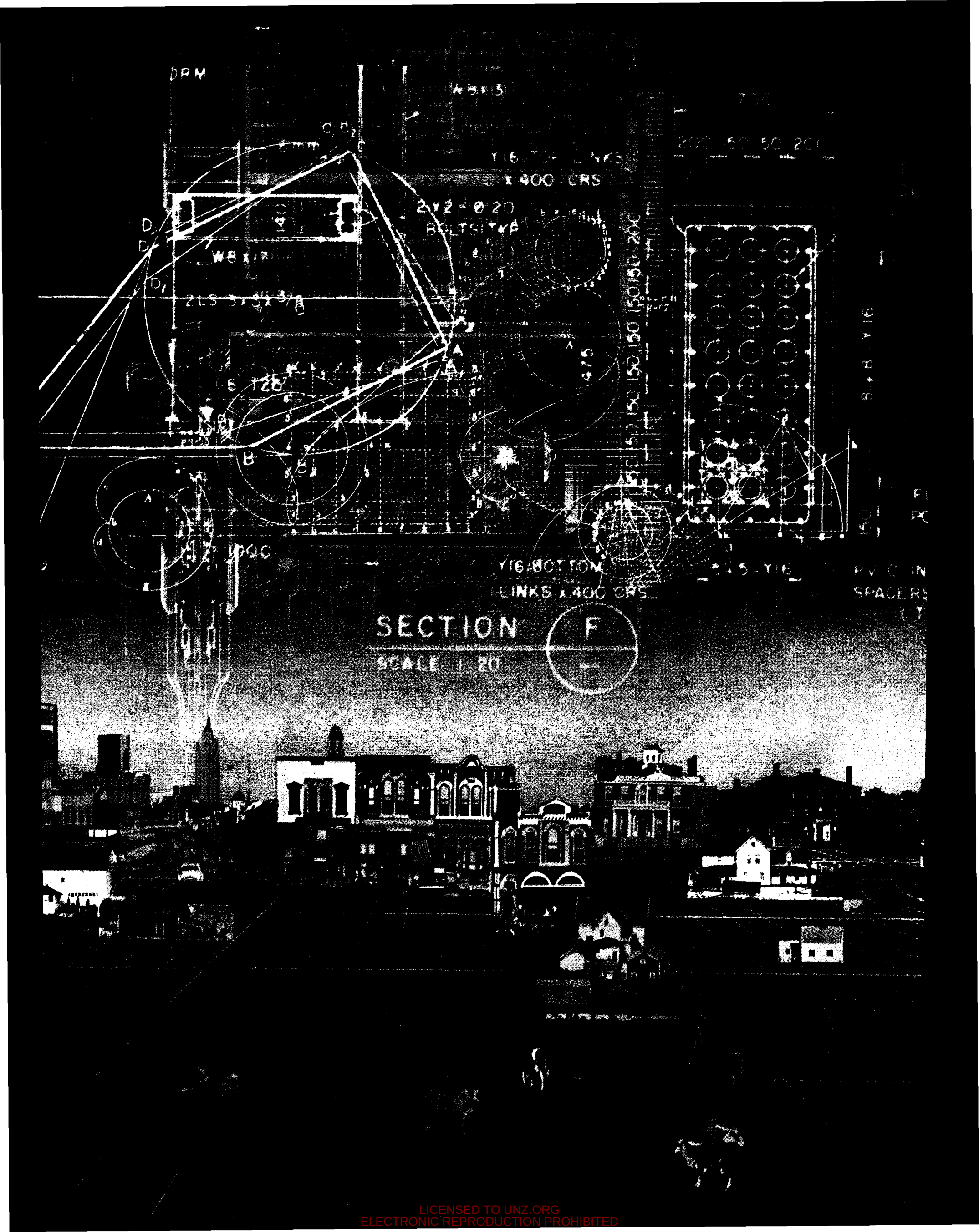
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man: a progressive school. There Straight was deposited, and from there in time he moved on to the London School of Economics and to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Of course, in those days, Cambridge was the citadel of academic leftism, and in the midst of the Soviet "experiment" and the rise of Hitler, it is perhaps inevitable that he should have fallen under its spell. It should be added that he seems to have been vulnerable to a more personal sort of hypnosis, too. His prose poems in homage to a gallery of radical poseurs make lurid reading, and suggest a weakness for style as well as what passed in those circles for substance. "I . . . shunned the few Americans," he recalls. Small wonder.

Two stories describe the education of a comfortable radical. Straight and his friends liked to repair to his room in the middle of the night and sing the "Internationale." This was much to the annoyance of "an old recluse" who had the misfortune to live on the upper floor. He tapped his cane on Straight's ceiling, but "we never paid the slightest attention to him. In time, the tapping of the cane grew fainter." And then he died; it was A.E. Housman. "He had seen his last cherry tree," Straight guffaws in recollection, "hung with bloom along the bough. We did not pause to mourn him."

Meanwhile, as he struggled in vain to study, Straight was disturbed by the sounds of an aristocratic Sunday breakfast, catered by college servants. "I felt ashamed," he remembers, "of the privileges that the students took for granted." Naturally, his indignation took the most convenient form: "I told my gentleman's gentleman that I could not keep him any more. 'Am I charging too much?' he asked. I was paying him four dollars a week. 'I just don't believe in being waited on,' I said. 'But sir, if young gentlemen like you don't employ us, what's to become of us?' 'I don't know.'" And indeed he didn't.

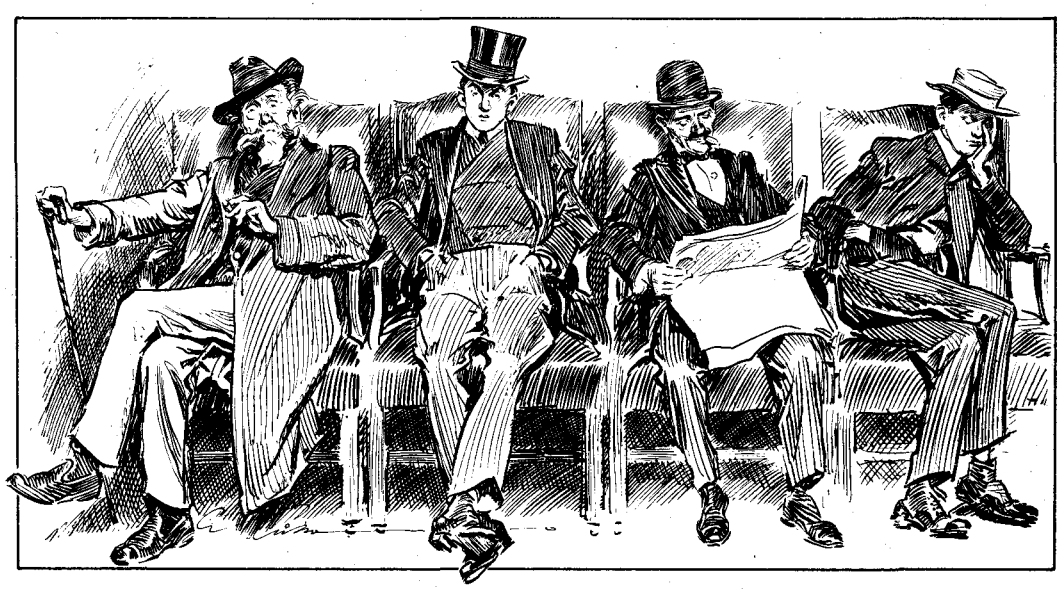
Straight also remembers that in the midst of his leftist passion he was afflicted by occasional doubts—vague, unarticulated doubts, to be sure, assisted by hindsight: points of contention on economic plans, tinkering questions about trade unionism, perhaps, or college campaign tactics. One rough-hewn friend exhorts him to join him in martyrdom in the Spanish Civil War. Straight wisely declines the invitation. The serpentine Blunt offers a clandestine apple. Straight is momentarily moved, and yet—and yet—such misgivings are puzzling.

Moreover, in the years to come, they appear to have evaporated. In 1944, he published a book called *Make This the Last War* in which he envisioned the "affirmative society," an unholy blend of Quaker idealism, United Nations dogma, anti-imperialism, social service, adult education, and universal well-being: a European federation that would be "a union that is a vision for the rest of the world," and under the leadership of what Union we need hardly guess.

Even Anthony Blunt knew that of all the boys in the Cambridge band it was Michael Straight who would turn them in.

For that matter, once Blunt issued his marching orders, and the questions went unanswered, Straight fell quickly into formation. He was a university celebrity, and yet he walked away from it like a somnambulist. He does not offer an explanation for this, only a continued furrowing of the eyebrow. It is curious that, having defended his integrity against the entreaties of the party faithful, Straight should have found Blunt so persuasive. It is a mystery to himself, he claims; it remains a mystery to us.

It is less mysterious that he should have repaired to Washington rather than his assigned place on Wall Street. Presuming that Straight's ancestry was significant, Blunt wished him to penetrate those capitalist recesses that were impervious to the standard mole. Of course, Straight knew better. The spirit was willing and the flesh was weaker in the capital. And he knew that while he felt no loyalty—much less affection—for his homeland, he would be received by the Roosevelts in the White House and handed a sinecure in the State Department. It is odd how class distinctions can be malignant one moment, and benign the next. This seems quite natural to Straight. But this is also the liberal sensibility at work: privilege is wrong, present company excepted; justice is to be meted out, not endured.



Really, the question is not so much what Straight knew or whether he chose to pass it along the line to Moscow, nor is it even whether his willful indiscretions brought fresh misery into the world. We can all draw differing conclusions about disloyalty. The question is loyalty itself. If, as Straight believes, causes are better served by faith than nations, how could he have failed to distinguish a cause that is a nation? Nor is it sufficient to serve the cause of righteousness. To betray one's country in the interests of ideology has human, not rhetorical, consequences. It is an easy step from the undergraduate *salon* to the underground, but the weaponry is worlds apart, and the bodies are really dead.

We expect very little from a ruling class in the twentieth century. However, what we do not expect is to suffer the atonement for their sins. Let Burgess and Maclean, let Blunt and Philby and Straight lash themselves into a frenzy of expiation—but leave the rest of us alone.

It is painful to read that, in the middle of the Korean War, Straight encountered Guy Burgess on a Washington street. He knew that his presence could only mean more subversion, and that Burgess's depravity knew no bounds. Yet he counted his personal devotion above the collective good—a revealing lapse. It was not for Straight to save the lives of whatever people were endangered by Burgess's intrigues. Nor could he imagine that his social illusions fell into deeper peril for all the ammunition delivered to Moscow by his friends. Ambition is a terrible thing, but it is the righteous who scorch the earth. It was not until the reflection turned to Narcissus that Straight saw things clearly. Having betrayed his country, his class, those few institutions to which he owed allegiance, his patrons and his acolytes, he finally betrayed his friends. He obtained his security clearance, and joined the National Endowment for the Arts.

Still, a certain crude justice obtains. Exile in Moscow is a poor version of the warrior's Valhalla. Anthony Blunt's scholarship is interred with his bones. Part of the truth is known; some of the blame has been properly assessed. Michael Straight's silence is broken, and his ignominy is complete. Only the horrors of history are left: the dead witnesses and barbed-wire testimony to a foolish treachery that was plotted in a university town, half-a-century ago. □

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Benjamin J. Stein

FLYING LOW IN FIRST CLASS

What misery lies behind the Pepsodent smile?

Albert Camus said that you could measure the humanity of a society by examining its prisons, not its salons or universities. Maybe so. I think you can take the measure of our society by looking at our stewardesses, the way we treat them, and the way they treat themselves, far more than if we studied the lives of the women at the top of America's pyramid. Out on the edge, riding on a tight skirt and a smile, traveling blindfolded into the heart of the American dream, the stewardess is the perfect example of a young American woman deluded into throwing away a perfectly good life in the pursuit of something that was never there anyway. When you consider the pretty young person who really thinks that the Pepsodent smile will win her the cowboy-oil magnate, when you consider the gorgeous flower petals of material glitter covering up the padded cell, think of the stewardess, who, all too often, believed all of it.

It is a beautiful, clear day at LAX. Marilyn, a stew in first class on a United flight to Newark, stands at the door taking boarding passes. She has the most seductive smile I have ever seen. Pouting lips and shiny, even teeth and deep-blue eyes framed by absolutely black hair. After the meal, she tells me about being a stewardess in first class.

"When my mother was pregnant with me," she says, "she asked the priest if she was going to have a perfect baby. The priest told her to give up chocolate as an offering so that she would have a perfect baby. My Mom gave up chocolate and I guess I turned out all right."

To say that she turned out all right is like saying that David Rockefeller is not on welfare.

"After I had been flying in coach for about five years, I gave up chocolate as an offering so that I would get into first class. It worked and now here I am, flying from New York to L.A. on the only route that matters, the one where you meet the guys who make it all happen."

Marilyn's eyes sparkle when she talks as if all the light of the azure sky around us were bound up inside each magnificent blue jewel. She has an offhand, flippant way of talking which is betrayed by her frantic hand motions. She clutches my arm and says, "I've been married twice. To losers. It's not going to happen again. No way. The first guy was an antique-store owner. He turned out to be gay. The second one was a cop in Cleveland. He turned out to be on the take from gamblers and loan sharks. He disappeared about a year ago. I'm still getting his bills. Forget it. Not this time. This time, it's the kind of guys who make the world go around, the kind of guys who have limousines waiting for them, not bill collectors."

Marilyn has a test to measure what kind of man is trying to pick her up on each and every flight: a list of fashion accessories which prove or disprove that a man has money.

"The first thing I look at is the watch," she says. "The best is a simple gold watch from Cartier with a gold band. Right away that tells you something. If he's got any of those big brands like a Rolex, that's pretty good. One of those new Cartier ones with all the screws and everything on it is pretty good, too." If the man who tries to pick up Marilyn is not wearing a gold watch, or at least a good brand, he can just forget about it. He'll get his choice of chateaubriand, veal, fruit salad, or red snapper, but he can forget about getting Marilyn.

"Then I check out the shoes," she says. "I like a simple brown or black loafer. It should be Gucci, but Bally's all right. If the guy is wearing running shoes, forget it, even if he's Rod Stewart. I don't go for guys in show business anyway. Too crazy. All they ever think about is themselves. Give me a small businessman, a man who owns a few department stores in Oklahoma, over the biggest producer in Hollywood any day."

Marilyn also does not like athletes. "Same as show biz types," she says. "All they can think about is how great they are. That's the whole thing. They feel like they're doing you a great big favor to let you come back to their hotel room with them."

Then Marilyn looks to see if the man is wearing a suit. "If he's wearing a three-piece suit, you can forget about that, too," she says. "That means he's working for somebody else. I don't want that. I want the man who owns the company. He doesn't have to dress up to impress anybody."

Marilyn usually does not find the guys with the Rolex watches and the Gucci shoes. "I usually just go out with anybody who's friendly and doesn't look like he's going to kill me," she says. "But I've always got my eyes open."

An anecdote from the life of Valerie Cross, a close friend of Marilyn: She is a thin, angry-looking girl who radiates sex. Her eyes burn with excitement and eagerness. She has the most nearly perfect legs in Southern California, as she likes to tell people.

"I'm flying on this run to Hawaii," she says, "and I get on and start serving drinks in first class. And like right away I noticed this little Japanese guy looking at me. And whenever I reach out to hand him a drink, he makes sure he touches my arm. He's got three assistants traveling with him, all bowing to him

Benjamin J. Stein's latest book is The Manhattan Gambit (*Doubleday*).

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all the time as if he's King Tut.

"So when we're about an hour over the ocean, he starts to look at me really hard and his face gets all flushed. He gestures to me to bend over because he wants to talk to me. So I bend over, and in this very pidgin-type English he asks me if I'll, you know, well, you know, prease, in the lavatory. So I look really shocked and straighten up. And this guy holds up four fingers and says, 'Four, prease.' And I say, 'Four what?' This little guy says, 'Four thousand. One time, prease.' "

Valerie looks at me to see if I'm enjoying this anecdote. She looks as if she might be really mad at me if I don't like it. "Amazing," I say.

Valerie is satisfied with that and continues, "So I went back to the A stew and I told her what this little Japanese guy said. 'He offered me four thousand dollars to go with him into the lavatory. What should I do?'

"So the A stew looks at me and says, 'Get the money in advance.' That's how I got my first BMW."

What Valerie Cross would like to own:

A house in the Malibu Beach Colony.

A jet black Rolls Royce convertible.

No more men hassling her without giving her presents.

No more men hassling her.

A condo on Kahala Beach, Diamond Head, Hawaii.

A different purse for every day of the week from Bottega Veneta.

A house in the flats of Beverly Hills with a maid who would make her kamikazes while she floated in the pool.

A diamond and emerald bracelet from Harry Winston.

A Cadillac convertible, also jet black.

A big dog, like maybe a Great Dane, who would go with her everywhere she went, even on airplanes.

A horse who would live with her in a stall out back, with a cold wet nose, or is it the dog that would have the cold wet nose?

Never mind, just another kamikaze.

"Give me a small businessman, a man who owns a few department stores in Oklahoma, over the biggest producer in Hollywood any day."

Vicki Cieslowski, a blonde stewardess with a severe but pretty face, has a rich boyfriend in Cincinnati. "I would have to say that Cesare is about the leading loan shark in the Midwest. There may be others who are pretty big, but Cesare is really extremely big. He has out a few million every day not counting the vig. That's just in Cincinnati. He has little branches like that operating all over the Midwest. It's hard to find a bar where the owner hasn't been into Cesare at one time or another."

Until she met Cesare, Vicki had a thing for black athletes. "They just have so much self-confidence," she says. "Plus, they can really move."

But Vicki likes Cesare the best, anyway. "He gives me hundred-dollar bills every time I turn around," she says. "Like sometimes these really tough guys from Kansas City come up and Cesare has to talk to them and so he hands me a whole handful of hundred-dollar bills and just tells me to go shopping for a few hours. I like that. He never worries about money," she says, "which I think is a really good sign."

"I guess he worries about the money that people owe him," I say.

"No," she shakes her head emphatically. "He doesn't worry about it at all. If somebody doesn't pay, he just has them beat up really bad and that's the end of it. Sometimes he sets their house on fire. But he doesn't ever worry. He has a really good attitude about money."

After about an hour, Vicki has had three bullshots and enough cocaine to wake up everyone in Canton at three a.m. She drinks coffee and starts to cry. "I'm tired," she says. "I don't think Cesare is really that interested in me anymore. He still lets me stay at his condo in Century City, but he doesn't really like to even do me and Marilyn anymore.

"I've only been in love with a few men in my whole life," she says. She suddenly looks incredibly weary, as if fatigue ran through her entire cortex out to her pale-blue eyes, and then ran back in upon itself and grew fatigued with fatigue. "I've always watched the men go. The love stays and the men go. That's always the way it is." Then she twirls her wrist and shows me a gold Piaget watch. "Cesare gave me this. He's a great guy," she says tonelessly.

Marilyn at brunch on a Sunday at the Polo Lounge Lanai outside at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She wears tight Calvin Kleins and a leather vest with no brassiere. Her hair is incredibly shiny and lustrous. Her eyes are bright and blue. Her eyebrows arch invitingly. Her lips are open in a half pout. She sits down at my table. The snapping of necks in the garden is like a chorus of crickets.

"I'm sorry I was late," she says. "The problem was this guy I met on the plane last night."

The guy she met on the plane last night was a personal manager for a lot of very major rock groups. Very major. Marilyn would never have gone to Las Vegas with him after the flight except that Mr. Levensohn, a long-time admirer in New York, had been acting like such an incredible jerk. "He's in the dress business and he's got this really big factory, and the absolute most he's ever given me is a few samples. He doesn't even have the brains to hear that I've told him three times that I want a gold watch. I don't need sample dresses. They aren't even my size most of the time."

Marilyn was in a really bad mood when she got on the plane thinking about Mr. Levensohn. That was the only reason she bothered talking to Phil, who is a manager of the biggest of the big, who wears heavy gold bracelets and who actually had an airplane at LAX which took just him and Marilyn to a suite at the Las Vegas Hilton which was reserved just for him and his bands whenever they happened to be in town.

Phil was a great guy, who knew everyone in Vegas and very strongly hinted that he was wired in with Mickey Rudin and Clifford Perlman and some very heavy hitters indeed. Phil had a limousine waiting for them at the airport and a limousine waiting for them at the Hilton and at the Sands and at Caesar's where they saw Shecky and Diana.

The whole trip to Vegas was great until about three in the morning when Phil was wired like an electric blackbird on some very genuine Peruvian flake and called her a whore, which is something she hates to be called. "My second husband calls me that all the time," she says. "He tells everyone I know that I'm going all around whoring myself out as if I were a hooker or something. I really hate being called that word."

Marilyn arriving at the Sunset Marquis after she has just learned that Valerie has been fired for doing the mile high number on a flight to Chicago with a man who sells tax shelters in multi-unit dwellings. Valerie is right behind her in the BMW she got for devoted service to a Japanese industrialist, under unusual circumstances.

Valerie stands in front of us and starts to pull her hair out. That's how wired she is. Her whole face, her body look crazed with fatigue and humiliation. "Why do they pick on me?" she demands. "I've always been totally upfront about everything. Totally."

Marilyn, who is a kind and spiritual stewardess, hugs Valerie and says, "It's okay. They'll give your job back to you. That's why we have the union and everything."

Valerie's tears fall on Marilyn's

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Cacharel blouse, making dark spots on the ivory. Marilyn looks edgy, as if some untamed thing in Val might set off something uncontrolled within her. It's just a guess, but I think they are starting to understand the role of the stewardess in society. It was a carnie sideshow cheat from the start to finish, a silver-plated pistol with one coat of cheap lead paint and then plastic.

Valerie sits down wearily on the plastic, white love seat in the suite at the Sunset Marquis that has probably seen many beautiful, angry women wearing high-heeled pumps. She exhales for a long moment and speaks to the floor.

Outside, it is windy. Palm fronds smash against the sliding glass windows. One of L.A.'s Santa Anas is blowing up. Inside, with the curtains drawn—the usual for stewardesses' accommodations—the only wind is Valerie's lament.

"I didn't have to be a stewardess," she says. "I never did. My Dad's a Chevy dealer in Richmond. He sells a couple of thousand Chevies a year. At least he used to. He always had enough money to send me to college or to art school or anywhere I wanted to go."

Val looks up at Marilyn and me imploringly. "But I didn't want that. I wanted to get out. I wanted to meet the kind of men who throw around hundred-dollar bills as if they were Hershey kisses. And I did it, too. I did it. There are still towns out there where men can't sleep at night remembering what they did the first night they met me.

"I've been on flights with sheiks from Kuwait and after they spent the night with me, they'd have a Rolls convertible waiting at the door to take me back to the airport. One guy wanted me to keep the convertible. They'd take me into Bendel and say, 'Just pick out anything you want. Anything at all and it's yours.' I've had guys who were the heads of big oil companies tell me that they never knew why they were alive until they met me. One guy gave me an alligator pocketbook from Paris, France.

"You're supposed to have a good time when you're young, right? That's what my Dad always told me. Always. He and my Mom told me I was too good to ever have to be sad. Life's too short. When I meet a guy who's really depressed and down, I say, 'Hey, pal, that's your problem. I can't get hung up about it. Go see a psychiatrist.' I mean it. I've got my life to live."

Valerie fishes a vial from her pocketbook, hits up six times, three per nostril, and resumes her lament. "I mean, there's a million guys out there with money, and every one of them is looking for a good time. You can't believe how many guys there are out there who think a thousand dollars is just for tips. They like to have fun. I like to have fun. Why shouldn't I make them have a good time? What are you supposed to do? Sit around and cry all day? We're not nuns as far as I know. Is that right, Marilyn?"

Marilyn nods her head. "We're stewardesses," she says. "Not the flying nun."

"I didn't have to be a stewardess," Valerie says. "I could've been a model. Men tell me I'm pretty enough to be on the cover of a magazine all the time. In fact, I've been on the covers of magazines. My Dad restores old Lincoln Continentals. I've been on the cover of that magazine for the Lincoln Continental collector a few times. I really have. I could be a model in New York City right now." At this moment, Valerie is so wired that she looks like she could be a model for electric chairs. "I just didn't want to be tied down. I wanted to get out, to have a good time. There's always another rich man in first class, and I wanted to meet them all." →

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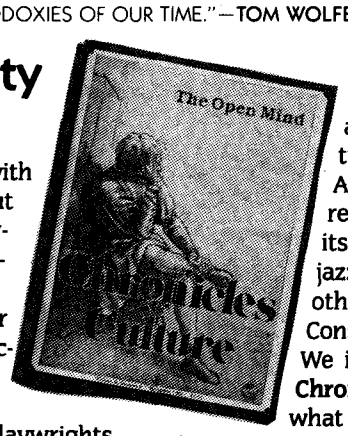

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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Marilyn says, "You can probably get your job back. You can appeal. Make a big stink. There's probably no way the airline's gonna let the story get into the newspapers. I'm sure you can get your job back."

Valerie sits down heavily on the plastic love seat and shakes her head emphatically. Her long blonde hair flies around angrily. Everything about her looks angry, cheated.

"I don't want my job back," Valerie says. "I was getting really sick of it anyway. I'm thinking of opening up an interior design studio. All these rich guys have apartments all over the place. I'll help them make the places really pretty. I'll make a lot of money at it. Pretty soon you'll be seeing me in first class as a passenger. Then you'll be waiting on me." Valerie nods emphatically in agreement with herself. "I'll like having some money of my own. You know what it's like riding around with millionaires when you don't have enough money to pay your rent? It's no good. I'll like being rich myself. I've seen those rich guys. They're really stupid. Pretty soon I'll have my own Corniche."

Marilyn, Vicki, and Valerie are not supposed to be taken as representative stewardesses. For all I know, most stewardesses are creatures of sober and regular habits. Marilyn, Vicki, and Valerie are far *more* than representative stewardesses. They are representative of a whole huge slice of a nation's deluded young women, deceived at an early age, who exist to be near money, to stay up all night and party, to keep away from Wonder Bread, to look for that next rich man in first class. Without any lasting moral or social standards, they travel through life like moths, drawn to the flame of a gold watch or a Rolls convertible, as so many of us do, getting seared and scorched, as we all do.

Seemingly eager to serve and wait upon travelers, like everyone else, they want to be served and waited upon. Seemingly filled with life and zest, they flirt with death. In the narcissistic society, they stand out as the most self-obsessed, the most likely to tell someone sad to drop dead and not disturb their good time. After all, no one lives forever. You have to have a good time while you can. Yet, they are always tired, always in pain. But if your goal is somehow to crowd so much living into a lifetime that you store up enough to defy the possibility of a solitary eternity, how can you possibly hope to succeed? Only the young and the deceived would even try. Yet these stewardesses do and they grow deathly weary. They become so tired that they cannot get up, cannot shake off their obsession long enough to hear a voice from across the swimming pool telling them that in the end they might not have been worse off with white bread, that every little housewife in, say, Des Moines might not envy them, that they sold their youth far too cheap. □

Stephen Miller

THE NEW SOVIET MAN

Ivan feels terrible.

The great Marxist-Leninist project was the creation of new man. Purged of bourgeois traits, this new man would be free of petty ambition and greed. He would be someone dedicated to the general welfare, to giving each according to his needs. But what kind of man has the Soviet Union created? A fair question, I think, because the USSR's Communist Party justifies its dictatorship by pointing to the new man and the new society it is allegedly creating. We know, of course, that such a new man has not been created. In recent years, however, we have learned that a different kind of man now exists in the Soviet Union and that he is not something to cheer about. Indeed, even high Party officials are worried about him, for he is corrupt and, more often than not, a drunkard.

Yuri Andropov has declared war on corruption and alcoholism. Yet the Soviet leadership really cannot do much to curtail them. For one thing, corruption prevents the extraordinarily rigid and inefficient economic system from breaking down altogether. And the massive consumption of alcohol is an important source of revenue. Vladimir Treml of Duke University estimates that the tax on alcohol is the regime's single most important source of revenue, amounting to 12 percent of the Soviet Union's annual budget. In the United States, the excise tax on liquor accounts for about one percent of the federal budget.

What is the extent of corruption in the Soviet Union? In *USSR: The Corrupt Society*,* Konstantin Simis argues that corruption is pervasive. While working as a lawyer in Moscow, Simis collected evidence for this book, which he wrote in 1976. When the KGB got wind of his project, it confiscated the manuscript and kicked Simis out of the country. Fortunately, he already had sent a copy of the manuscript abroad.

Most people in the Soviet Union, Simis says, are corrupt out of necessity. All manner of illegal wheeling and dealing is necessary just to put food on the table, fix their appliances, and educate their children. Moreover, corruption is essential in meeting one's quotas at work. "Only by committing theft," Simis writes, "by cheating the government and their customers, and by falsifying the accounts are officials and managers of state farms, collective farms, food stores able to bear the burden of the tribute system."

Stephen Miller is executive assistant to the Board of Radio Free Europe, and the author of the forthcoming book, Special Interest Groups in American Politics, *which will be published in September.*

*Simon and Schuster, $14.95.

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THE BOOK THEY'D LIKE TO SPIKE

"The West and developing countries are filled with citizens who by reason of their positions are able to promote Soviet influence and expansionist goals."—Andrei Sakharov; Nobel laureate.

Sakharov explained that these include *"a great many writers and journalists...and heads of press and television."*

(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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It is an important book that should be read by everyone.

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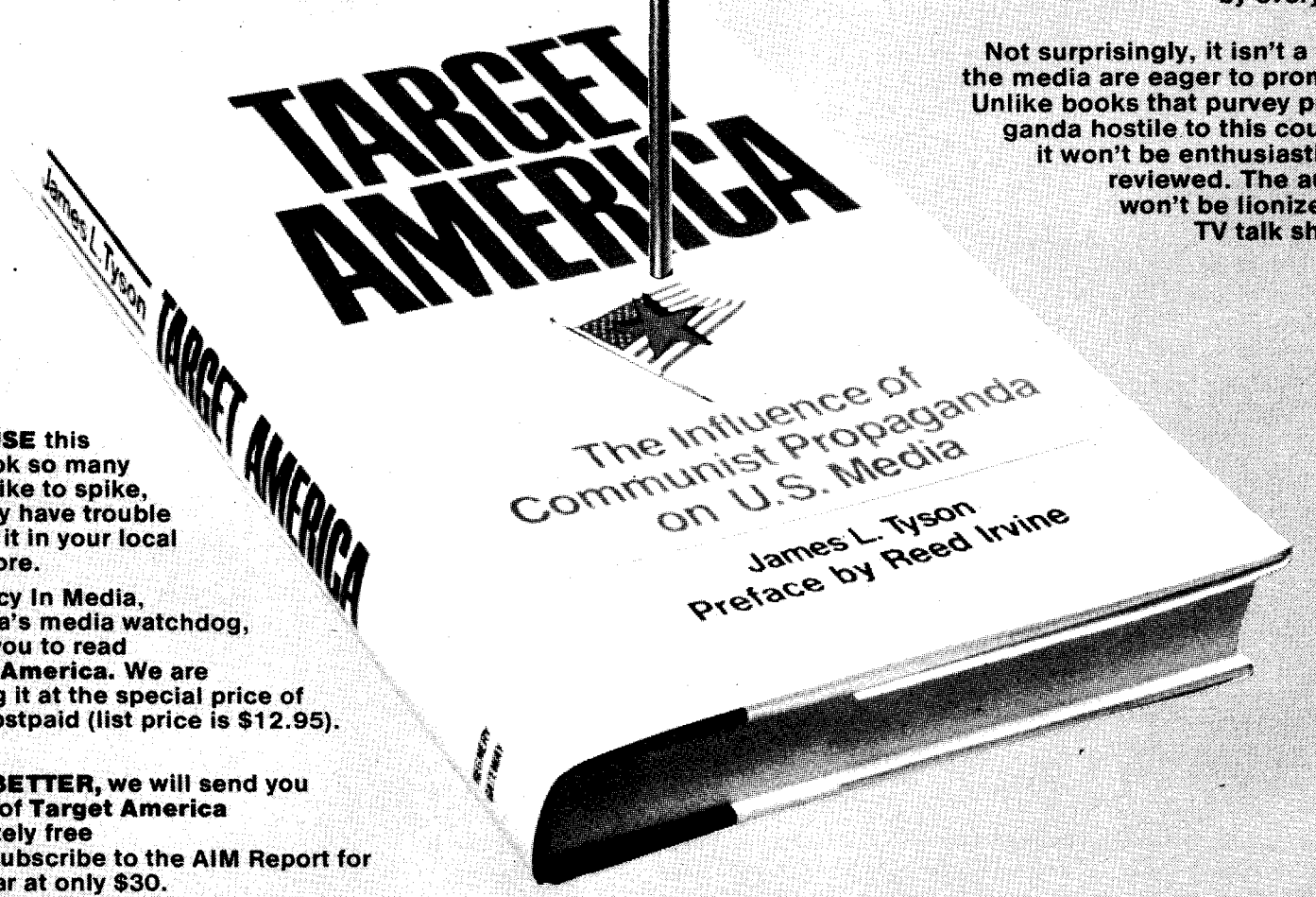

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Corruption—a complex array of bribes, tributes, and kickbacks—is the oil that greases the sluggish Soviet economy. According to some estimates, the unofficial economy accounts for as much as 40 percent of the USSR's GNP.

Corruption, of course, is not unique to the Soviet Union. The American press continually carries graphic accounts of corruption in such countries as Indonesia, the Philippines, Argentina, and Brazil, and we have no reason to question their accuracy. Corruption, after all, is an old story; it did not arrive with Communism. But often overlooked is that the imposition of Communism makes a society *more* corrupt, not less. Communism always brings about a shortage of goods and services, leading inevitably to a vast expansion of the black market. Simis argues that "it is the power of the party apparat that has turned the Soviet Union, in the sixty-three years of its existence, into a country eaten away to the very core by corruption." According to Jerry Hough, a well-known American scholar of the Soviet Union, even Party officials are coming to see the connection between socialist control and corruption. "Paradoxically," Hough said recently, "the market, which once was looked upon as the cause of all social problems, becomes in this view the solution to a severe moral problem. . . ."

High Party officials, one would think, have no reason to be corrupt. They face no shortages; they have access to special stores with Western consumer goods and high-quality food; they have access to special hospitals and Western medicines. They also enjoy many other perks, including better education for their children. Nevertheless, many Party officials are corrupt if only because of the insecurity of their positions. They are well aware that their perquisites do not belong to them, and that in a purge they would be left with nothing. In other words, Party officials are saving for a rainy day. Naturally some officials are merely greedy, but that is to belabor the obvious.

Corruption is the oil that greases the Soviet economy.

It would be misleading simply to lament the corruption so prevalent in the Soviet Union, because the story Simis tells does have its heartening side. It is, after all, the story of people who use their wit and imagination to beat the system; the story also of numerous underground capitalists driven not by need or greed but by a desire to exercise their entrepreneurial talents—for whom, as Simis says, the "process of *making* money—not the money itself—had become the real aim." Two cheers, then, for corruption in the Soviet Union, for it reveals that Marxist-Leninist ideology has not taken root. Better the shrewdness and cynicism of the corrupt than the fanaticism of the true believer.

But then again, two cheers may be too many, for ultimately the story of corruption in the Soviet Union is very sad—the story of people who must scheme all the time in order to survive. Communist rhetoric wails about the social Darwinian aspects of capitalism, but life under Communist rule is much more of a rat race than is life in the democratic West.

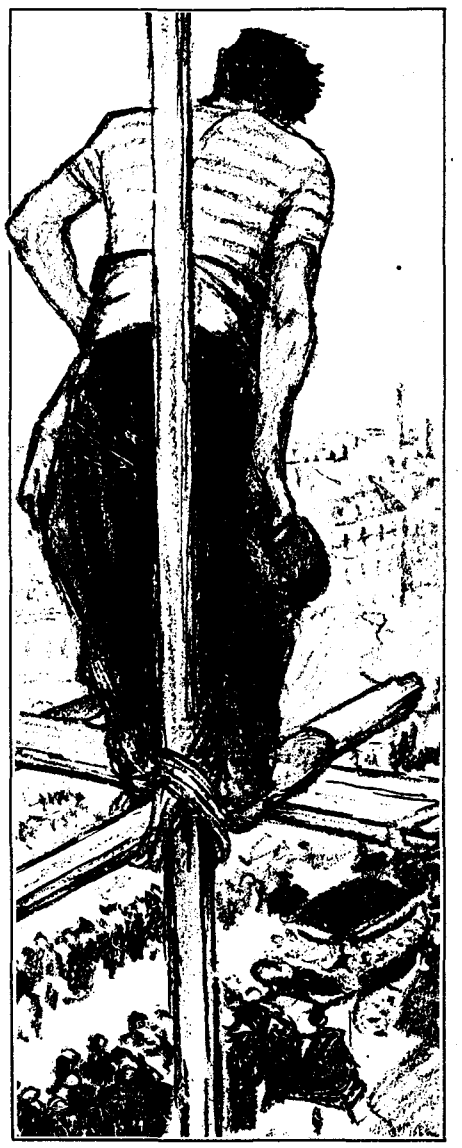
Perhaps because life is so degrading and boring in the Soviet Union, more and more Russians are taking to drink. Although the Russian appetite for liquor is well known, alcoholism has become a serious problem only in the past twenty years. Treml points out that in recent years approximately 50,000 Soviet citizens died from alcohol poisoning as opposed to 400 such deaths in the United States, and this does not include alcohol-related deaths. More alarming is the increasing number of women, especially young women, suffering from alcohol abuse, which is in part the reason for the extraordinary increase in infant mortality—up 36 percent since 1971.

To blame this entirely on Communism is probably wrong, since Muslims living under Communism don't have the same drinking problem that Great Russians do. The rate of alcohol abuse in Uzbekistan, for instance, is 150 times less than it is in Greater Russia. Why? Perhaps because Soviet Muslims have greater cultural resources. More rooted in their traditional culture than Russians are in theirs, Soviet Muslims can better resist the corrosive aspects of Communist life. Life may be gray in Uzbekistan, but not as gray as in Gorky; and Uzbeks—or other Muslim peoples of the Soviet Union—suffer less from boredom, self-contempt, and alienation.

Indeed, in some respects Soviet Muslims are flourishing. Their birthrate is much higher than the Russian birthrate. Soviet political and military leaders are very worried about this development, for most of them are of Slavic descent and they clearly do not put a great deal of faith in the loyalty of Soviet Muslims. The leadership is worried not only about military manpower but also about manpower in general. There is a serious labor shortage in the industrial north; and, as Cullen Murphy reported in a fascinating article in the February *Atlantic*, the Soviets are "pulling in thousands of 'guest workers' from fraternal socialist neighbors: Bulgarian lumberjacks, North Korean coal miners, Vietnamese laborers."

What is happening in the Soviet Union is grotesquely ironic: it is not the State that is withering away, but the Russian people. As Murphy points out, the population is being eaten away by infant mortality and by premature deaths among 20- to 44-year-old males. Those who survive are in poor shape; they smoke too much, eat poorly, and receive terrible health care. There is a shortage in the Soviet Union of x-ray film, surgical instruments, even aspirin.

What can the Soviet leadership do about the terrible condition of Great Russians? If it raises the already high tax on alcohol, as it did a few years ago, people turn to moonshine, or even brake fluid, with what effect one can imagine. If it makes an attempt to fight alcoholism through education and better health care (including detoxification centers), the program is not only costly but leads to a drop in liquor revenue. What other choice does it have? It could attack the problem indirectly—reducing the grayness of socialist life by allowing more private incentive, in effect bringing more of the underground economy above ground. A little more economic "freedom" would be good for the health of Soviet man.



When Andropov took office, there was a good deal of talk in the West about the Kadarization of the Soviet economy. Andropov, it was argued, had been ambassador to Hungary and had seen the workings of the Hungarian economy up close—had seen how an increasing reliance on the profit motive and on wage differentials based on performance had resulted in a successful agricultural sector, so that Hungarians rarely have to stand in line for food. But as with so much of the surmising that greeted Andropov's accession, there are no grounds to expect Soviet leaders to risk Kadarization, which comes down to a diminution of Party control. A dash of economic "freedom" may work in Hungary, a small country composed of a homogeneous population disciplined by the "lessons" of 1956, but would it work in the Soviet Union, a vast empire composed of many different nationalities? Writing in the *New York Review of Books*, Seweryn Bialer said: "I have yet to meet a Soviet economist or official who believes that installing an extensive market system on the Hungarian model is possible in the USSR—not least because of the diffusion of political power that would result from such a change. *Decentralization of power would tend to increase the power of non-Russian elites, a threatening prospect for the Soviet rulers* [emphasis mine]."

The central question faced by the Soviet leadership is posed by Hélène Carrère d'Encausse in her excellent book, *Confiscated Power: How Soviet Russia Really Works*†: "How can the system be modernized without at the same time weakening the sources of its legitimacy?" The answer, she suggests, is that it can't.

It is tempting for the West to derive some satisfaction from the terrible state of the Soviet Union—tempting to assume that the Soviet leadership, confronted with such an

†Harper and Row, $19.95.

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appalling domestic situation, will turn inward, cutting its military budget and perhaps making a deal with the West on Afghanistan. No doubt the Soviet leadership *will* try to make a deal with Western Europe, in order to drive a wedge between it and the United States. But why should the Soviet leadership be expected to refrain from an adventurist foreign policy, the one arena where it enjoys success. (Of course its military might is also a success story—used to intimidate foreign countries, suppress revolts in satellite countries, and, in the case of Afghanistan, prevent a socialist ally from turning away from Communism.) As Brezhnev once said: "Our foreign policy is our great method for domestic politics."

As D'Encausse says, because the USSR is on the one hand a domestic failure and on the other a triumphant world power, what we can expect of Andropov is an attempt not to liberalize the economy but rather to militarize it even further—turning it more into a command economy and reminding "corrupt" Soviet citizens that they will be shot for economic crimes. To do the opposite would require the Party to reduce its power voluntarily—an unlikely prospect, needless to say. The Soviet leadership will tell its citizenry that such a command economy is necessary in view of the military threats the USSR faces, especially the threat of a Chinese invasion. Whether the Soviet citizen will believe such rhetoric is another matter. More than likely, he will remain—especially if he is a Great Russian—bored, depressed, and indifferent. And likelier still, he will continue to escape the dreariness of Communist life by drowning in drink. □

William R. Havender

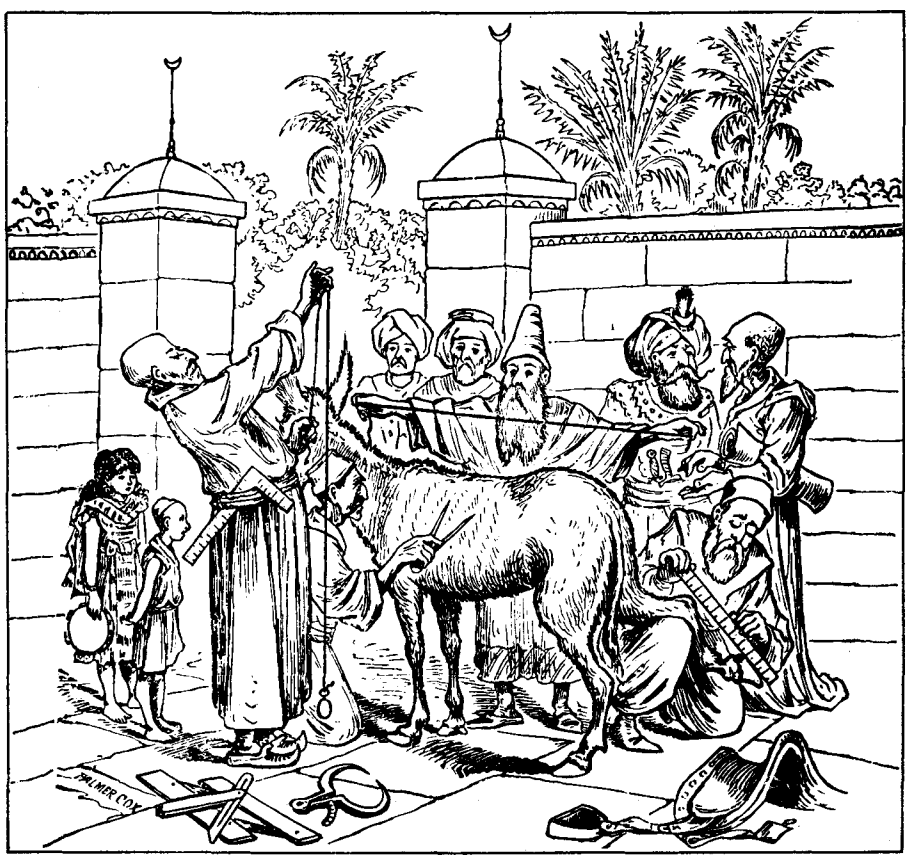
SCIENCE VS. POLITICS IN REGULATORY WASHINGTON

A sampling of some recent flim-flam.

Although the idea of government regulation no longer remains sacrosanct (to say the least), a related myth continues to plague us: that government agencies make exemplary use of scientific findings in arriving at policy decisions. In fact, over the past few years an alarming number of initiatives, particularly in health and safety regulation, have been based on supposedly solid scientific "facts" that later turned out to be unfounded. There have been enough cases to suggest that these are not mere accidents; they indicate instead a pattern of deliberate agency inclination.

Item: Two studies of the Love Canal health hazards were instrumental in raising public apprehension and inciting regulatory action. The first, carried out in 1978 by Dr. Beverly Paigen, a researcher at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, allegedly established an increase in nervous disorders, miscarriages, and birth defects among residents. The second study was commissioned in 1980 by the Environmental Protection Agency to determine whether possible chromosome defects (i.e., genetic damage) among the remaining Love Canal residents could be attributed to the chemical seepage. In May of that year, the author of the EPA study, Dr. Dante Picciano, claimed to have found such defects. Four days after this news hit the front pages, President Carter ordered the evacuation of 710 families.

The dénouement of this tale came in the fall of 1980 when a committee of scientists appointed by New York Governor Carey (and headed by Dr. Lewis Thomas, chief of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and including Dr. Arthur Upton, former head of the National Cancer Institute) criticized the Paigen study for its lack of an adequate comparison (control) group and failure to validate medically the illnesses claimed. The commission described the study as "literally impossible to interpret." As for the Picciano study, the commission found that it too lacked a control group—one matched for current and past medical therapies, workplace exposures, and other factors known to be associated with genetic damage. Lack of a control group also meant that the control blood samples could not be processed simultaneously with those from exposed residents and scored "blind" (i.e., with the scorer's not knowing which were the control and which the exposed blood samples). In all, Governor Carey's commission was forced to conclude that these studies had not established *any* harmful effect on physical health from the chemical seepage; *not even one* such case had been securely documented.



The failure of these studies to prove injury does not, of course, necessarily mean that there was no injury. The real question, however, is how such insubstantial studies could set in motion the decision to evacuate hundreds of families from their homes (at a public cost approaching $100 million), causing them incalculable mental distress and uncertainty. Not only that, the national concern stirred up by this incident led Congress to create the $1.6 billion "superfund" which the EPA now administers to control toxic wastes.

Item: In the spring of 1978, at the height of the saccharin controversy, a study by two Canadian epidemiologists received wide attention for claiming that the normal use of artificial sweeteners increased the risk of bladder cancer in men by 60 percent. This result was statistically weak (a shift of only six cases among

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William R. Havender is an independent consultant on environmental carcinogens who lives in Berkeley, California.

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the several hundred studied would make the result vanish), and the results in women seemed, oddly, to be just the reverse (i.e., artificial sweeteners seemed to *protect* them against bladder cancer). None of the many other human studies in the past had shown such an effect (indeed, a comparable investigation in Baltimore had just failed to show it). Yet for all that—and even before the study was published or subjected to peer review—Food and Drug Commissioner Donald Kennedy said the Canadian study made it "virtually certain" that saccharin caused cancer in humans as well as rats. This finding, part of the scientific base on which the FDA relied in its effort to ban saccharin, served to refute those who had argued that high-dose rat tests were inappropriate for inferring human risk.

The ban has, of course, been postponed several times by Congress, the latest extending until this summer. In the meantime, three additional epidemiology studies (one of them performed by the National Cancer Institute and involving more than six times as many subjects as the Canadian study—the largest study on bladder cancer ever conducted) have found no increase in cancer risk from the normal use of artificial sweeteners in either men or women.

Item: In 1978 the results of a rat-feeding study at MIT, which alleged that sodium nitrite, a common food additive, induced lymphomas (a kind of cancer) in rats, were reported to the FDA. This was the first time that nitrite itself (as distinct from certain compounds that nitrite can form such as nitrosamines) was said to induce cancer, a surprising result to many in the animal-testing profession. Again, this did not prevent Commissioner Kennedy from immediately seeking to phase out nitrite from the nation's food supply. While these proceedings were still in progress, the conductor of the MIT study, Dr. Paul Newberne, called the FDA to make changes in the tumor incidences he had earlier reported. Although the changes were not significant enough to reverse his conclusions, they raised doubts, leading FDA scientists to hire an independent group of pathologists to review the microscope slides of the animal tissues from Newberne's test. They reported that the original interpretation of lymphomas was ten times too high; in fact, there was no evidence whatever of any significant increase in tumor incidence.

The FDA thus finally abandoned its effort to ban nitrite, two years after it began. But during this time, consumers were subjected to needless worry every time they ate bacon, hot dogs, or cold cuts, and the food industry suffered from economic uncertainty under the Damoclean threat of a total ban. (Nitrite-treated foods, which include virtually the entire pork industry, amount to some $12 billion in annual sales.)

Item: In 1969, a report claimed that cyclamate causes bladder cancer in rats. One week after this report was made to the FDA, cyclamate was banned for broad consumer use, and shortly thereafter it was banned for all uses (e.g., for flavoring prescription drugs). Since then, there have been ten additional cyclamate studies in rats, seven in mice, one in hamsters, one in beagles, and two in monkeys. Though these were all high-dose, chronic feeding tests similar to the original, none showed a statistically significant increase in bladder cancer. In other words, the original finding on which the ban was based could not be repeated despite strenuous efforts to do just that. Meanwhile, inventory losses from the sudden ban were estimated to be over $100 million.

Item: In 1973, on the basis of new

The Acoustic Detection

Scientists have studied microstructural discontinuities in high-carbon steel since the early 1920s. By monitoring acoustic emissions, a materials research engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has arrived at a more detailed understanding of how one type of discontinuity occurs.

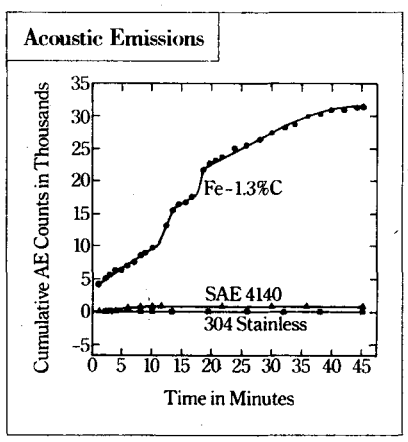
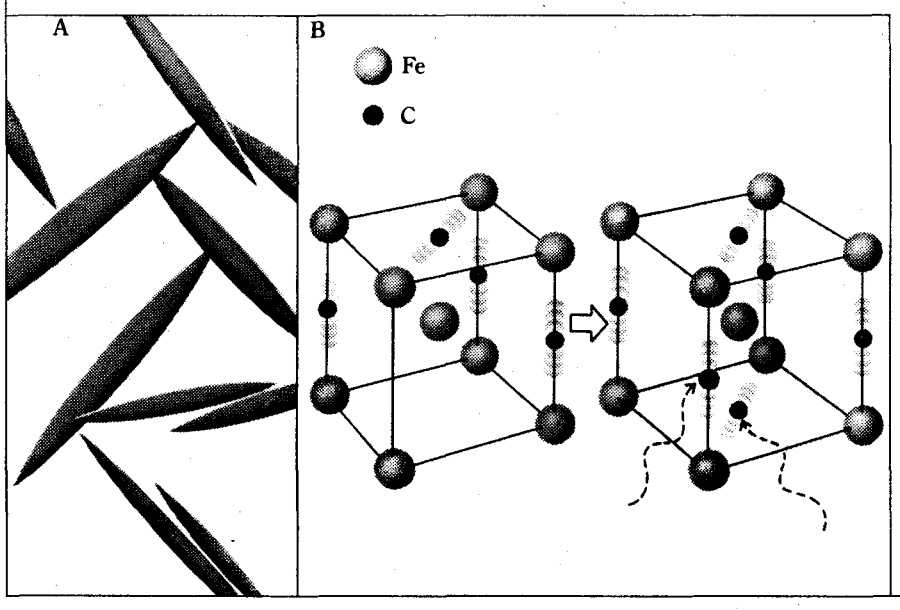


Figure 1: Cumulative acoustic emission counts for Fe-1.3%C steel, and control specimens of SAE 4140 and 304 stainless steel.

Figure 2: Artist's rendering of two proposed sources of microcracking: (A) impingement of the plates during the formation of martensite and (B) carbon atom rearrangement during the aging of martensite.



MARTENSITE is a hard microconstituent of steel which forms when austenite, iron containing carbon in solid solution, is quenched from a high temperature. The martensitic transformation produces steel that is hard and strong, but non-ductile. Through heat treatment, the steel can be tailored to applications requiring different degrees of ductility. High-carbon martensite—a highly stressed microstructure with a plate-like morphology—contains microscopic ruptures or separations 10 to 20 microns in length. These structural discontinuities, termed "microcracks," influence the mechanical properties of steel.

Although aspects of the microcracking phenomenon have been understood by metallurgists for more than fifty years, there is still no definitive explanation for when or how it occurs. An engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has devised an experiment that detects the microcracks as they occur.

The elastic energy released when microcracks form should produce a stress wave and associated high-frequency acoustic emission (AE). Using a piezoelectric transducer as the monitoring device, Dr. Michael Shea set out to determine what could be learned about the microcracking process by measuring AE.

The more widely accepted of two current hypotheses—the "impingement model"—asserts that microcracking is transformation-induced, taking place due to the collision of martensite plates during the quench. The other model maintains that microcracking occurs during the aging of martensite after the plates have already formed. The "aging model" suggests that thermal activation enables carbon atoms to rearrange themselves, producing localized stresses high enough to cause microcracking. Dr. Shea's ongoing research into high-carbon martensite led him to believe that the aging hypothesis was important. He proceeded to determine if AE is produced during aging.

For his study, Dr. Shea chose Fe-1.3%C steel, which undergoes martensitic transformation during quenching and is known to form

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evidence, Abbott Laboratories petitioned to have cyclamate approved anew. The FDA did not render its decision until 1980—when it rejected the petition. In doing so, the FDA made stunning mistakes in its use of statistics and in its interpretation of animal cancer tests. These mistakes included calculating spurious p-values (the probability that the result occurred by chance) from *un*randomized dosed and undosed animals, invalid grouping of tumors for statistical analysis, using wrong p-values in analyzing the results of multiple comparisons, and accepting results with p-values as high as .2 (and, in one case, .8) as biologically and legally significant. (Normally, only p-values of less than .05 are regarded as statistically positive.) A committee of the American Statistical Association, in a letter to then FDA Commissioner Jere Goyan, described the FDA's interpretation of p-values as "foreign to everything that is taught in the statistics profession," and asked for a published retraction. None has yet appeared. Meanwhile, the Society of Toxicologists strongly criticized the FDA's use of animal cancer tests in this decision.

Not content with reinterpreting statistics, the FDA reinterpreted the law as well. Conceding in effect that there was no secure cancer case against cyclamate, it denied Abbott's petition not under the Delaney clause (which since 1958 has required the banning of any food additive shown in animal tests to cause cancer) but under a new reading of the "general safety" provision governing the approval of food additives, contending that FDA statistical "findings" had raised doubts about cyclamate's safety that Abbott had failed to rebut.

Now this *was* news, because the general safety provision (which requires only a showing of "reasonable certainty" that no harm will result from an additive's intended use) has been interpreted traditionally as setting a much *less* stringent cancer standard than the Delaney clause. Indeed the latter clause is usually considered the arch-villain forcing the FDA into unreasonable actions. As the common assumption has it, if not for Delaney, the case for saccharin would be overwhelming: the tumors observed in rats were nonlethal and caused only by unrealistically high doses; the preponderance of epidemiological evidence is consistent with saccharin's safe use by humans; and saccharin is widely believed to confer substantial health benefits on diabetics and dieters. Nor, absent Delaney, would there have been such a flap over nitrite even if Newberne's initial claims *had* been sustained, since the health benefit yielded by this chemical in preventing botulism is indisputable, and there is no suitable substitute.

Indeed, were the FDA's novel interpretations in the cyclamate case to be applied consistently, neither of these other additives could be approved. Saccharin, after all, has been shown in three separate rat tests to cause bladder tumors, and sodium nitrite, whether cancer causing or not, does react chemically in the body to produce carcinogenic nitrosamines. The grounds for bans of both saccharin and sodium nitrite are in fact more substantial than those that exist for cyclamate.*

Item: A study of miscarriage rates in the vicinity of Alsea, Oregon, a forested area where the herbicide 2,4,5-T was sprayed each spring to control weeds, prompted the EPA to issue an emergency order in March 1979 banning virtually all uses of this chemical. This order was issued *one*

*See my article, "The Science and Politics of Cyclamate," in the Spring 1983 issue of the *Public Interest*.

microcracks. To provide baseline data, control specimens of 304 stainless steel and SAE 4140 steel were put through the same procedures as the test composition. When quenched, 304 stainless steel produces no martensite, and SAE 4140 forms a low-carbon martensite which has a lath-type morphology, and generally does not microcrack.

SPECIMENS of the three compositions were quenched to -196°C and then slowly heated to room temperature. Acoustic measurements were made beginning at 0°C, at which point carbon atom mobility is sufficient to allow rearrangement processes to take place, and continued for 45 minutes after the specimens had reached room temperature. No AE was recorded for 304 stainless steel, and only a slight amount for SAE 4140. Significant emission, however, was measured for the Fe-1.3%C steel specimen during the entire testing period (see Figure 1). Since martensite had already formed during the quench, these results support the hypothesis that microcracking is produced during aging of the freshly-formed plates. Dr. Shea ruled out both slip and twinning as sources of AE since the literature indicates that neither factor is significant during aging of martensite below 40°C. The possibility that the AE resulted from isothermal transformation of austenite to martensite could also be excluded because this process does not take place in the composition studied.

"These results demonstrate conclusively," says Dr. Shea, "that microcracking occurs during the aging of high-carbon martensite, thereby providing support for the less accepted of the two models.

"The next challenge," he continues, "will be to quantify the relative contributions of both models—impingement and aging—in an effort to determine which, in fact, is the more important mechanism, thus furthering our understanding of microcrack formation. Then, perhaps, we can more systematically explore ways to minimize microcracking."

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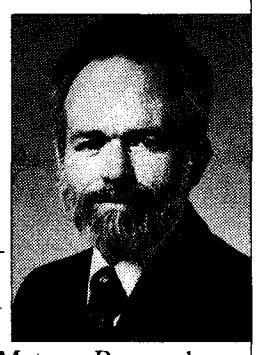

Dr. Michael Shea is a Staff Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Shea received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in metallurgical engineering from Michigan Technological University, and his Ph.D. in materials engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. His thesis concerned deformation and fracture of cesium chloride type superlattices. He joined General Motors in 1971.

The areas of metallurgical research pursued by Dr. Shea at General Motors include the mechanical properties of high-carbon steels, mechanically-induced transformation of austenite, and structure/property relationships in nodular cast iron. His exploration of the microcracking phenomenon in martensite was conducted with the help of instrumentation developed by GM colleague Dr. Douglas Harvey.

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day after the EPA received the report. The study has since received 18 independent reviews by qualified scientists (including some in other countries); all found the study invalid. The ban, however, remains in force.

Item: In September 1979, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, in a speech before the AFL-CIO, endorsed a government report (often called the "Califano cancer report" for this reason) alleging that as much as 38 percent of *all* cancer in the United States could be traced to on-the-job chemical exposure, a tenfold increase over prevailing estimates. The report identified no authors beyond ten researchers from the National Cancer Institute, the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, and the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health who were listed alphabetically as "contributors." The report was submitted to no professional journal, nor otherwise subjected to any outside scrutiny. It was merely filed in a post-hearing record at the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), two weeks before Secretary Califano publicized its startling figures. These figures have since shown up in almost every federal report concerning environmental cancer; in particular, in the 1980 Report to the President by the Toxic Substance Strategy Committee (TSSC), a report coordinated by the Council on Environmental Quality.

How true were these alarming claims? In the June 1981 issue of the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute,* two of the world's leading cancer epidemiologists, Sir Richard Doll and Richard Peto, carefully reviewed the methodology of these reports. They found a mare's nest of mistakes, and reaffirmed both the original estimate of one to five percent as the percentage of U.S. cancer due to occupational exposures and an earlier understanding that cancer rates, when *properly* adjusted for smoking, have been steady or declining. Doll and Peto were blunt in their criticism of the government reports: they characterized one methodological flaw as "indefensible" and "a confidence trick"; another as the "one comparison of incidence rates that seems completely unreliable," yielding "quite fantastic and irregular variations in incidences"; a third as "absurd" and "a simple error to be corrected rather than a new scientific hypothesis to be considered."†

Item: On January 22, 1980, the *Federal Register* published OSHA's new "generic" policy on carcinogens, a policy intended to reduce the burden of proof necessary to support new regulations by settling certain recurring questions in advance. Once settled for the general case, such determinations could not be challenged when applied to a particular rule no matter what the evidence in the specific instance. Such questions included the validity of high-dose animal cancer tests as indicators of human risk, what to make of benign tumors, how to interpret conflicting results in different species, how to extrapolate risk from rats and mice to humans, whether "promoters" (i.e., chemicals that cannot induce cancer on their own but can increase the carcinogenic effect of other substances) should be considered as dangerous as complete carcinogens, and whether or not safe doses (i.e., thresholds) exist. OSHA resolved these matters more or less arbitrarily: it dismissed the notion of an overdose in animal tests; in assessing a chemical's carcinogenicity, it gave the same weight to benign tumors as to lethal ones; it took a single positive test in any species to outweigh any amount of negative evidence from other species or from actual experience in people (and when conflicting results concerned the *same* species, the positive findings would be given "preferential weight"); it considered rats and mice to be valid proxies for humans; it regarded substances that merely "promote" to be as hazardous as true carcinogens; and safe doses of carcinogens were presumed not to exist.

All of these issues happened to be in active (not to say vehement) dispute among scientists then, and indeed they still are. How, then, could OSHA arrive at such "settlements"? It did so simply by making a *policy* decision to resolve all points of uncertainty on the side of "prudence"; in other words, it *assumed* the worst case on every disputed point.

There are two main difficulties with this strategy, wholly apart from the question whether one is really "playing fair" by prohibiting discussion on precisely those points most in dispute. The first is that by excluding available data on a given chemical, OSHA is ignoring the sort of specific detail needed for tailoring regulations wisely. The second is that OSHA will find itself swamped with candidates for regulation as the cumulative effect of these "settlements" inflates both the number of substances deemed hazardous and the perceived degree of that hazard.

Needless to say, the picture of how government agencies have used data in framing policies is far different from the envisioned ideal. In theory, they were supposed to gather the "best" scientific and technical knowledge to make "enlightened" decisions in the public interest, free from the narrow vision and cloying self-interest of private business. Indeed, this claim to a superior method of decision-making was the essential justification for vesting these agencies with regulatory power in the first place. Yet after a decade or so of experience what we see is instance after instance of poor initiatives, ranging from bans and efforts to ban, using weak and later-refuted science, to massive regulatory programs set in motion by later-discredited studies, to decisions rooted in brazen tendentiousness and bias. Clearly, something is wrong when poor or distorted science, rather than being filtered out early in the policy-forming process, comes to dominate it instead.

The "scientific" base for a vast increase in regulatory activity and control was laid during the Carter years. The Califano cancer report was meant to justify a great expansion of OSHA's powers, and OSHA's generic carcinogen policy would have eased their implementation. The TSSC report would have supported a large increase in the budget, staff, and powers of the CEQ and other agencies concerned with the environment. And the FDA's reasoning in its cyclamate decision greatly expanded the scope of the general safety provision governing food additives, so much so that the Delaney clause is now superfluous. Obviously, had the 1980 election not gone to Ronald Reagan, we would now be reaping a bountiful harvest from these germinal seedings. We may do so anyway. □

†These figures show up in the popular media, too. Jane Fonda writes in her recent exercise book that "20 percent of cancer incidence today is at least partially caused by exposure in the work place. And that figure will zoom up to 40 percent in the years ahead." It is somewhat more surprising that the *Wall Street Journal* in a front-page article on January 3, 1983 wrote: "A recent government report suggests that work place hazards may account for 20% or more of cancers that will be detected in the next few decades." I checked with the writer: he got the figure from the TSSC report.

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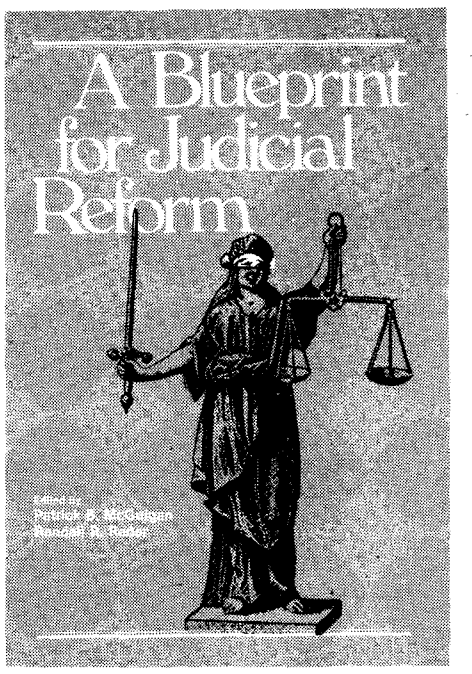

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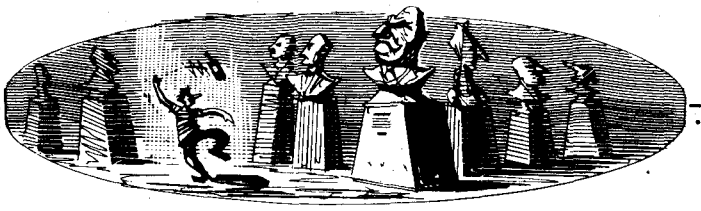

EMINENTOES

COSMO'S AGING VIXEN

by Rachel Flick

The title of Helen Gurley Brown's recent book of advice for ambitious young women is *Having it All*,* and "it," not surprisingly, turns out to mean everything Brown has. She has fantastic success in her work; Helen Brown is the editor who brought *Cosmopolitan* magazine from the brink of extinction to one of the largest circulations in America. She has "Johnny Carson Show" celebrity. She is rich. She has—as she eagerly confesses—all of that beauty which money can buy. She has the vigorously won appearance of youth, despite her 59 years. She has a long-standing and happy marriage to an equally successful man. In short, she has all the things you can neither take with you nor leave behind, in any enduring way.

Having it All is a how-to book of wide range—how to organize a day efficiently, write a résumé, apply cosmetics to tiny lines and wrinkles, snag a husband—and it is considerably more interesting than such books usually are. For one thing, the advice is almost uniformly excellent, and so—as wise advice about practical things is wont—it indirectly illuminates large matters as well as small ones. For another, its authoress is a rare and fascinating woman, and the book gains as much from what her anecdotes and occasional reflections reveal about herself as it does from its revelations about dinner table conversation and disorganized closets.

What is most rare about Brown is a personal quality perhaps best called by its Greek name, *thymos*, loosely definable as a combination of anger, spirit, and ambition. Although Brown believes this characteristic is hers by nature—she has felt "different" almost since she can remember—she also insists that the material conditions of her childhood molded the distinctive spirit with which she was born. Brown grew up in a poor, backward part of the world and cannot remember a time when she was not consumed by the longing for more. She considers this early deprivation to have been, in a way, her good fortune—the original stimulus behind everything she has attained. She writes:

> I *never* liked the looks of the life that was programmed for me—ordinary, hillbilly, and poor—and I repudiated it from the time I was seven years old, though I didn't have many means of repudiation. I didn't like my little-girl cousin who peed in the creek in front of a lot of other people. I didn't like all my cousins saying "ain't" and "cain't" and "she give five dollars for that hat."
>
> They were, and are, dear, lovely people who lead honorable lives in the Ozark Mountains, but I wanted something else. And so I began to feel and be "separate."

The "something else" was the life recorded in movie magazines, and it was consequently on this world that she fixed her considerable energy and desire. The rest, as they say, is history.

Brown is frankly delighted with her present station in life. Her success is an enormous credit to her, the triumph of her discipline and fortitude, and she knows this and relishes it. Yet she manages to avoid the usual up-from-the-ghetto cant. She has no shame about where she's come from, but no false pride in it either, for she understands that it is also responsible for what she is not. She appears to understand that it has left her forever without what she at one point calls "elegance." Brown knows the deep-running importance—the importance to character—of having been born to money and sophistication, and the impossibility of ever transcending the fact she was not. After twenty years of success, she is still not "used to" where she is, and never will be. "If you are practicing *up* for elegance," she lets on, "one of the secrets is that you practice when you're alone, not just for company." And she adds that she is never ("never!") going to get the hang of this.

Brown makes it absolutely plain that she has the vices of a woman born poor: she fights a lingering, persistent miserliness, and is the victim of what she calls "a crush on rich people." ("Rich, powerful men who run empires are my idols," she writes. "Just let me sit at their feet and hear how they cornered soybeans.") Most important of all, she is an unabashed social climber. "It's *better* up there," she explains, "in almost every way."

An ambitious person of no substance may be a fool, but an ambitious person of some real excellence is not, and Helen Brown is no fool. Whatever reservations one may have about her work, she is indisputably the mistress of a certain slick, effortless, chatty writing for women. The fast-food voice that her *Sex and the Single Girl* introduced in 1963 is widely imitated but seldom equaled. (Even *Cosmopolitan* does not often employ this voice as well as does Brown when she is speaking for herself.)

The voice is systematically conversational and intimate. Brown writes exclusively in the first person. She punctuates not according to standard usage but to the pattern of speech used by the women she is addressing—her writing is heavy on dashes, exclamations, and catty asides; it has a real, gossipy swing. Her trademark, though, is unquestionably her early sixties ladies-lunch vocabulary ("How to begin?" Brown asks. "Well, on little pussycat feet you just pad *into* it").

It may be cheap, but like most commercial products this voice is highly effective. *Having it All* establishes a marvelously persuasive air of confidentiality. By the end, the reader truly feels as if she and Brown have become girlfriends, so to speak. Moreover, it's an affectionate intimacy; Helen Brown has created for herself an immensely *likable* persona.

Indeed, it's all so artfully achieved that if not for the book's countless sound and often subtle insights, one would think *Having it All* was intended purely as a money-making venture. Now, *Cosmopolitan* may be trash, but *Having it All* reveals a Helen Brown both intelligent and breathlessly, heartrendingly genuine.

The first part of *Having it All* is

*Simon and Schuster, $17.50.

Rachel Flick is a speechwriter living in Washington, D.C. and a former editor at the Public Interest.

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devoted to work, and, as expected, Brown's advice on this subject is excellent. However unremittingly tacky her own professional attainments, they do represent a substantial achievement, and much of her information about how she pulled this off is transferable to other ends.

In speaking sensibly on this subject to a readership of women, Brown is a voice in the wilderness. Career advice for men has tended (at least, until recently) to stress hard work, initiative, and careful planning. It has more or less accepted hardship and hazard as "dues"—legitimate and necessary steps in the rise to the top. Women's career books, on the other hand, have tended to stress defense—against certain kinds of labor which to do, their authors believe, is to be exploited; and against any manifest recognition that one is a woman, because such recognition is surely a prelude to exploitation.

Helen Brown is unusual among women's career counselors in assuming that an office is a reasonable working environment—tough, but reasonable. She does not offer the ordinary women's career advice of defend, defend, defend, but the career advice traditionally offered to and by men. She does not believe that menial office labor is a trap; rather, she insists on the inevitability and utility of delayed gratification. She even suggests volunteering for extra menial work—"those denigrated 'personal chores!' "—as a demonstration of good faith. She dispenses with the theory that the cards are stacked. She urges her readers to be hard on themselves.

More sensibly still, she does not fear admitting gender to office life. Brown devotes a great deal of space to the simple getting along with people that is a prerequisite for the production and exchange of work. She understands that the personal—and the interpersonal—are fundamental to the professional. Hence, she is willing to consider the inevitable sexual aspect of office interactions in terms more complicated than those of simple power and abuse.

With commendable realism, she urges women to work within their femininity—to use it—rather than to take on the impossible and disagreeable task of evading it or rendering it irrelevant. She is absolutely comfortable with the sexual undertones of office interactions between men and women, and enthusiastically endorses a woman's use of charm to get out of those interactions whatever it is she wants. Her theory is that employees aren't in danger of anything they don't deserve, but that niceness greases the wheels, because people are still people, even at work. "The sexual you is part of the *whole* you, and doesn't snap off—God, we *hope* not, anyway!—between nine and six."

This brings Helen Brown to what must be the most clear-headed assessment of the business of "sexual harassment" yet written. In a section called "Sexual harassment isn't what it's cracked up to be," she advances the idea that "man-woman awareness" in offices is at least unavoidable, probably useful, and, at best, enjoyable. She writes: "Of the millions of naughty suggestions made by millions of male employers to their 'defenseless' female employees yearly, I'd say half cheered the girls *up*, half brought the girls *down*, but probably nothing bad came out of *most* of them. . . . I think sexual tension and electricity be tween men and women in an office can *help* get the job done. Trying t please somebody you're nutty abou can be productive."

A huge part of *Having it All*, though, is not advice about careers; i is advice about grooming, and dis cussion about what beauty means t

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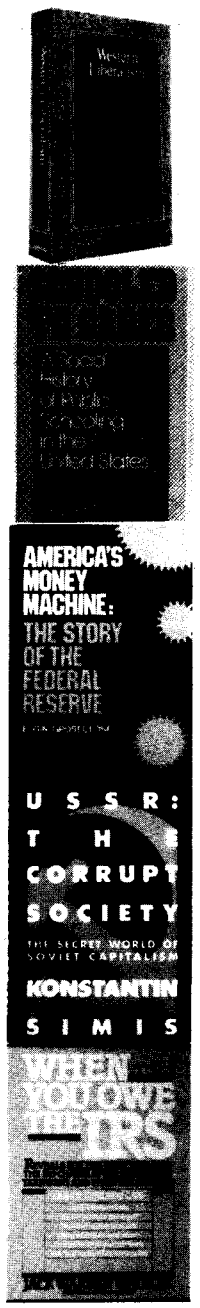
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women, and it is here that Helen Brown reveals her uneasy reasons for taking up the pen.

At first the candor of Brown's discussion packs an illicit thrill. *Having it All* goes on for pages about the cataclysmic importance to a woman of whether she is beautiful; about the hours that she, Helen Brown, has spent in crying over her own ordinary appearance; about her frequent suspicion that looks are all that matter in life; about her inability to trust beautiful women. She ruthlessly destroys the series of defenses most women have constructed for their own, "different" good looks—no, Brown tells you, the truth is that you just haven't got it and you never will. At the end she tosses in a couple of caveats about how it is brains that really matter, and how sweetness works, too—the stuff women tell themselves, all the time—but they don't really have any greater effect, in this chapter, than they do in real life. She writes:

> This very morning I looked in the three-way mirror and observed this unsymmetrical face—not ugly or repelling, just totally *undistinguished*, and, what with the aging, I said to myself, My God, I've got to be *nicer* to people, got to endear myself to them with love pouring out of every *pore* of me to make up for this *face*! I've got to be Mother Teresa, Eleanor Roosevelt, Helen Keller, Scarlett O'Hara's *mother* and why, Lord, didn't I start *sooner*?

Endearing herself "to people," though, is not really what she means. As the discussion continues one thing becomes absolutely clear: beauty is important to Brown and to other women, she believes, because women perceive that it attracts men.

This, then, being the truth about men and women, Brown declares vanity to be OK. In fact, she believes, it even demonstrates a sort of fine spirit; to lavish money, time, and attention on your appearance is to refuse to take lying down the looks you were delivered. It is to enter actively and positively into the game of attraction that she boldly assumes us all to be playing.

On the strength of this logic, Brown launches into page after page of instruction in the business of dressing up. The instruction is on the whole superb, the writing is lively, and the frankness about its ultimate purpose is exciting, but eventually—as Brown goes on and on—one becomes aware of disquieting excess. For no matter how exciting it is to hear someone say that vanity is OK, vanity in truth is still a vice and it doesn't make you happy to indulge it too far.

The healthy woman sets limits to this vice in herself. For a while she will permit herself to become absorbed by her appearance, but then will tire of it; even if the job remains imperfect, she will feel it improper and unnecessary to continue. Helen Brown, however, does not quit when it stops being fun. For her, grooming is not simply a diversion, it is a grim and essential struggle, which she pursues—with her characteristic discipline—unto and beyond even the point of pain.

Her obsession with beauty is clearest—and its profound significance for her begins to surface—in her discussion of exercise. Brown claims to have exercised with extraordinary rigor and discipline every day since she "discovered" it 13 years ago, "missing only two days (to have a D-and-C in the hospital, but I exercised the day I went in and the day I got home and the day my mother died) in that entire time." She insists that her routine is unremittingly unpleasant. Yet she is "an addict," she explains, because it has gotten to be "a test of will. . . . you against failure, against defeat, even against death. . . . Am I getting too intense? You get to feeling that as long as you exercise *every* day, life

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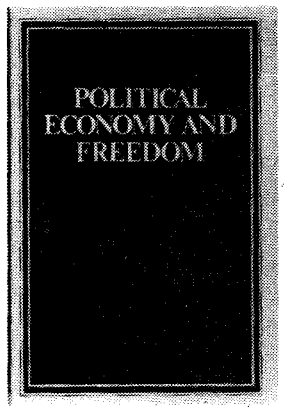

Political Economy and Freedom:
A Collection of Essays

By G. Warren Nutter
Edited by Jane Couch Nutter
Foreword by Paul Craig Roberts

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cannot ever really do you in; you are no longer vulnerable, but like breathing, if you *stopped*, you might die! Yes, I *am* intense!"

Shortly thereafter she retreats from this point, explaining that she exercises not because she fears death, but because she fears aging, and that she fears aging because it means the loss of sex—"of femininity, of attraction between me and a man."

Yet to Brown, sex is meaningful precisely because it is the furthest extreme from death. She describes it as power. "Kings and lesser men," she writes, "have been toppled by this power of ours, but you and I don't want to destroy anybody, we just want to enjoy a man's being totally hooked on us." It is this that Helen Brown cannot bear to lose. It is the ebbing away of this most fundamentally reassuring of all capabilities that terrifies her into huffing and puffing, and submitting herself to plastic surgery, and "starving" herself to 105 pounds—all in the name of "staying female."

So desperate is she for the kind of affirmation that sex gives her that she allows it to override both her reason and her moral sensibilities—no merely sensual need would make such a slave of an otherwise deliberate woman. Her treatment of adultery is here revealing and pathetic. Brown makes it plain that she knows exactly how wrong and destructive extramarital affairs are. In the very course of her advice on the logistics of carrying one out, she indicates her awareness of both the instincts and the arguments that such behavior violates. A few pages later, she eloquently describes how she would feel if she discovered her husband to be cheating on her, and then explains to single women that they should consider married men to be at their disposal. "When you're single," she writes, "it's important to have heterosexual male companionship. You must *connect* with men. . . . You should not go without *sex* too long. . . . [Married men] are *there* during a drought. You can 'use' them selectively."

She makes no effort to rationalize this staring moral contradiction (in fact, she confronts it almost ostentatiously). She is simply helpless before the fear of erosion that overtakes her without the constant reinforcement of sex. This is the offensive and disturbing aspect of *Having it All.*

It is disturbing, but not surprising, for this is a woman whose ambition has fixed exclusively on the world of the present. Brown has no children. She herself avows that her work is not enduring; in one anecdote, she explains that *Cosmopolitan*'s virtue is in its consistency, rather than in the contribution of memorable writings. Helen Brown, in short, has absolutely no stake in the future. Why shouldn't she fear mortality?

But consider the poignance of her position now. She is 59 years old, and exercise isn't going to do it forever. She's about ready to confront her first full face-lift. In the photos released upon the publication of *Having it All*, she already looks a bit freakish—a no-longer-young woman in girl's clothing. After a lifetime of triumphing over seemingly impossible obstacles—59 years of successfully buying time—she is soon to be confronted with something against which no discipline in the world will prevail.

Which comes back, perhaps, to the reason for *Having it All.*

Brown devotes her last chapter to broad reflections on life and happiness, and it is a serious effort. Her voice, here, is that of an older woman passing along her accumulated wisdom to a generation of girls for whom she feels affection and concern, and the voice sounds sincere. Helen Brown would have us understand that this book is a thoughtful and generous work, and I believe that it is.

It makes sense, after all, for her to make such an effort now. What else can an intelligent woman in her position do, as the passage of time forces itself upon her awareness? She can't make herself love children, if in fact she does not love children, and she can't make herself trust in the transcendent, if in fact she does not so trust, but she can try to write something real, and that is what she has done. In the end, *Having it All* is a touching piece of work, and deserves to be taken account of, when her life is reckoned up. □

CLUB AWAY FROM HOME

by T. John Jamieson

Where can a civilized man go these days for a drink and a little good talk without exposing himself to the cafe society, to nostalgiacs *de la boue*, and to the general auditory nuisance known politely as "entertainment"? To his club and nowhere else. Lord help him if he does not have a club.

Detroit, like many decaying Midwestern cities, is full of dinosaurs, among which are its clubs. Max Beerbohm once stood before one of these dinosaurs in Edwardian London as it fell to the wrecking ball. Mourning both the splendid facade and the fraternity it had long protected from the general public, he waxed sentimental. "My heart deplored that they must perish. The falling edifice had not been exactly a home. It had been even more than that. It had been a refuge from many homes. It had been a club." America's clubs may have preserved their facilities intact, but not their character. They stand in ruins insofar as they admit women. I am afraid that they have lapsed to the status of saloons. Of course they have inflated their membership vastly in order to pay the bills. No sane, whole gentleman of parts from the nineteenth century would consider calling one of these establishments a club. What exactly would it be a refuge from?

Nevertheless it is in Detroit that a piece of the nineteenth century has survived in the form of the club. It does not admit women (except for the Valentine's Day party) and it has not inflated its membership to pay the bills. It is a clandestine elite of curmudgeons in the manner of Cleveland Amory's fictional "Fortnightly"*; in Burke's phrase it is "the little platoon we belong to in society." It is called the Prismatic Club, and it meets every Saturday night in a Victorian house lined with oil portraits of its past presidents. A member reads a paper on a subject of his choosing as the other members nod off in rocking chairs; then everybody rushes into the dining room to pour himself a drink from the great array of bottles on the Round Table, which really is round. Yes, if you want to converse with well-established establishmentarians, brilliant amateurs, and genuine eccentrics, you can pour your own damned drink. This is the Last of the Clubs . . . and the first, in fact, for it was founded by transcendentalist refugees from New England in 1866.

Yet the original constitution of that year stipulates that "water shall be the only beverage served." One imagines that this rule lasted no longer than the state of grace of our progenetrix Eve. Perhaps it took the transcendentalists some time to adjust to the manly freedom of the Midwest. Now when Levi Barbour, lawyer and butterfly collector, directed in his will that there should always be space in this house for the Prismatic Club, its portraits, and its safe, it was 1926—and from 1919 to 1933 there was only one reason for any organization that was not a bank to own a safe. An annual dinner program from the Twenties shows a particularly degenerate-looking Prism (i.e., Prismatic member) sharing libations with a goatish devil: the cartoon's caption reads, "Making the World Safe for Hypocrisy."

Scotch mostly prevails; Irish, bourbon, and lesser breeds of whiskey are tolerated. The honorary consul of San Marino will occasionally share the latest vintage of "my uncle the Duke," a very respectable Chianti. Some genuine and quite

T. John Jamieson is a Richard Weaver Fellow at Northwestern University.

*See Amory's *The Trouble with Nowadays: A Curmudgeon Strikes Back* (Arbor House, 1979).

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illegal absinthe appeared on the night of a discussion of Oscar Wilde.

The effect of alcohol on the club's ability to function has been formulated: "the blackball is mightier than the highball." Unfortunately, the membership committee is trying to water the blackballs. I am beginning to sympathize with one of the curmudgeons from long before my time, a president of the American Philosophical Society, who nearly killed the club by blackballing everybody they put up. Somebody has to do it, he must have thought. But he induced a constitutional crisis resulting in an increase from one to two blackballs to blast the hopes of a would-be member. This is where the watering process began. By the way, this is supposed to be a secret ballot; but since the blackballs are actually cubes (to assist the bumbling in keeping things straight) you can tell when one goes into the box because it thuds. Just as well—we all know from experience that secret ballots encourage irresponsibility.

If you are wondering about the name, "prismatic" has to do with bright colors and facets. Among the facets are an Episcopal priest, a relaxed traditionalist who in a former life was a jazz pianist; a urologist who will tell you by sight how many cc's per minute a sticky bottle is pouring and also why fifteen of the first seventeen American Presidents had no children; an octogenarian Buckminster Fuller type who builds electric cars in his garage; a haiku-spewing surgeon; an ear doctor who claims that Caesar suffered not from epilepsy but from Meniere's disease; an Italian diplomat who quotes d'Annunzio. Alas, a pediatrician named Dr. Johnston, who specialized in martinis and Dr. Johnson, has just died; he was an index to the literary taste of a couple of generations ago—Chesterton, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Willa Cather, and Bernard de Voto were among his favorite writers. The lawyers and librarians specialize in local history, and could well collaborate in an authoritative account of nineteenth-century Detroit brothels. This all makes for interesting conversation, but the Prisms did not set out to be "interesting." They are naturally obsessed.

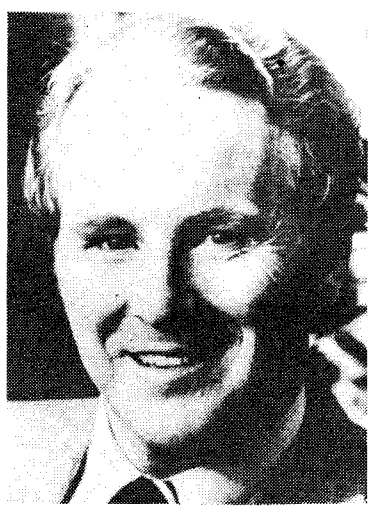
Just as conversation has its ups and downs, the quality of the papers varies too, and this has always been the case. At the turn of the century, Levi Barbour and his cohorts were literally traveling the world over to research their talks; on the other hand, nineteenth-century papers survive in the archives with titles like "Bridget: A Revery" and "The Girls I Left Behind." One old Prism was an amateur mad-scientist who spoke on his theory that the solar system really revolved the other way and on his very early experiments in manufacturing diamonds. Old Dr. Whitaker was one for blood and guts—he would show early color films of his own pioneering surgical techniques that made the Prisms bend over and reach for the Pewabic pottery spittoons.

On the Friday night closest to the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, the Prisms take themselves out to dinner at the Detroit Club in black tie and toast Andrew Jackson, who is, quite mysteriously to them, their patron. Before inaugurating a new president, they unveil a portrait of the outgoing one and hand him a broom, since he becomes the new janitor. The cult of Andrew Jackson goes back to the nineteenth century too, when the club was a haven for reform politicians and *Free Press* editors; today there are more Tories in the club than Democrats. This tradition has been maintained for the sake of maintaining tradition; yet a minority in the club would chuck Jackson gladly and give one of the Adamses a turn. Not that Jackson has been treated with that much respect—one year, in the confusion, his portrait nearly fell out of the window, and sustained a nasty gash in the throat. Portraits are good for showing symbolic respect or disrespect, like icons. I confess that I was once part of a conspiracy to rehang Walt Whitman (an object of devotion to the founders) in the bathroom.

If you would like to become a member of the Prismatic, I suggest that you perform a noble deed likely to commend you to the club's notice, such as discovering legal evidence that will send the present mayor of Detroit to prison. Why I cannot say, but the Prismatic's first honorary member was Brigham Young. The archives contain his reply to our invitation, in which he makes his excuse for not attending the annual dinner: he has married a wife. Historians infer that it was his twenty-seventh.

In this august and distinguished journal's previous incarnation, *The Spectator* of Joseph Addison and Richard Steele (1711-1714), Addison wrote of a club of dram-drinkers dating back to the Civil Wars that had been continuously in session since then, by means of a circle of presidents for each of the twenty-four hours—with a brief hiatus during the Great Fire of London—so that if a member "be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind." This was the Everlasting Club, which, "toward the close of 1700 . . . had under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century."

Though the Prismatic meets only on a Saturday night, it has already survived riots, muggings, leaky roofs, and falling plaster, and will probably sit out this century in hope of a better. Because it would rather die than change, it will probably live. □



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BAD BOYS INSIDE OUT

by Martha Bayles

Written by a 16-year-old girl named S.E. Hinton, the youth novel *The Outsiders* became a minor classic in the late 1960s—especially in junior high school English classes, where it was frequently used to spur discussions of how poverty leads to crime. Faithfully re-created in a new film by Francis Ford Coppola, *The Outsiders* is the story of two teenage gangs in Tulsa, Oklahoma: the middle-class "Socs" and the lower-class "Greasers." Needless to say, the heroes are Greasers: Ponyboy, an orphan who lives with his older brothers; Dallas, a drifter who has been wrongly jailed; and Johnny, an unwanted child whose parents beat him whenever the Socs aren't doing so.

In a way which seems unlikely in Tulsa, or indeed anywhere else in America, this conflict is without ethnic or cultural dimension. It is pure class oppression: a textbook case of the affluent taunting the poor simply for being poor. And as befits the sensibility of 16-year-old novelists —and apparently Coppola as well— the poor respond to this taunting with noble sadness, noble resentment, and noble defiance. When the Socs try to drown Ponyboy for talking to a Soc girl, Johnny kills one of them. Then Ponyboy and Johnny have to skip town, since nobody would take their word against the Socs'. The only other crime in the story comes later, after Johnny dies of burns suffered trying to save a group of small children from a fire. Mad with grief and class resentment, Dallas robs a store and allows himself to be shot, somewhat gratuitously, by the police.

C. Thomas Howell as Ponyboy, Ralph Macchio as Johnny, and Matt Dillon as Dallas seem talented enough. But the film lavishes too much attention on their physical appearance, expressed through stylized, overly choreographed posturing and horseplay; and not enough on their minds. The role of pure victim is just not that interesting, and these young actors' efforts to convey innocent suffering through Brylcreem, ripped T-shirts, and tight jeans end up making them look vacant but sensual, like Jordache ads or gay pornography. There is no tension and very little drama, because although they are "branded by society," we know that none of these adorable angels is capable of doing anything wrong.

The other juvenile delinquent film of the season, *Bad Boys,* directed by Rick Rosenthal, actually begins on a similar note: a succession of snapshots of the main characters as infants, toddlers, preadolescents. Like the taken-at-school photographs which sometimes appear in newspapers alongside reports of teenage crime, these pictures show only the juvenile—not the delinquent. The mark of criminality has yet to appear, although we know from the title that it will. Evil will creep in. The question is, from where?

Having seen *The Outsiders,* and any number of other j.d. movies going back to *Rebel Without a Cause,* we expect the same old answer every time. Evil creeps, trickles, and frequently gushes in from the environment—parents, peers, society—to do its corrupting work on the unsullied clay of youth. Rare indeed is the j.d. movie which suggests a different answer: that evil might originate within the clay itself; or that juvenile delinquents might be made out of that peculiar clay—humanity—which possesses the freedom to accept or reject evil on its own, without being totally conditioned by its surroundings.

One look at Sean Penn, who plays Mick O'Brien in *Bad Boys,* and we see immediately what is missing in *The Outsiders.* Our first glimpse of Mick is through the smashed glass of a car window, as he reaches in to snatch a lady's purse. Then he roughs up a man who tries to chase him, buys a gun, and proceeds with a plan to rip off some black and Hispanic drug dealers. At one point he comes home and finds his mother in the bathtub with a strange man; but unlike the Greasers, he doesn't go all wide-eyed and hurt like a moppet in a child-abuse poster. Not Mick O'Brien. He narrows his eyes, lights a joint, and begins to play with his gun. And later, when his mother somewhat guiltily asks him to turn down the stereo, he turns it up.

Small gestures, but brought off by Penn, they place *Bad Boys* on a completely different footing from *The Outsiders.* Mick's mother may be promiscuous, and he may come from the wrong side of the El, but these facts don't make his choices for him. Of course no actor can convey the abstract concept of free will, but there are degrees to which actors can appear to be the conscious authors of their own fates. And in stories about crime, it is a lot more dramatic, not to say accurate, to assume that the criminal is, on some level, a morally responsible being.

Mick's girlfriend, whom he loves, tells him he is foolish and reckless, and he knows she is right. He also knows what he's doing is wrong, but out of willfulness and perversity, he does it anyway. Similarly, Paco, the Hispanic pusher, deliberately ignores his affectionate, worrying mother. It is true neither boy has a father, but their world is not without positive influences. Nonetheless they are too cocky and selfish to resist the temptation of fast, easy money. Paco sets up the drug deal, which Mick tries to ambush. Before they know it, they are in a shootout, and as Mick drives away, he runs over Paco's 8-year-old brother. Arrested and convicted, Mick goes to the state reformatory, while Paco swears blood revenge.

Perhaps in Coppola's and Hinton's imagination, a state reformatory would be full of sorrowful angels. Not this one. Mick and another new arrival face a gauntlet of clapping, chanting, spitting abuse just to walk to their cells. And the place is dominated by a pair of sadistic trusties who murder the other newcomer after he objects to being raped. There is a false note, a rather serious one, in the person of Mick's Jewish-comedian cellmate, played by Eric Gurry. The kid belongs in a living room, entertaining doting aunts and uncles, not building bombs in his science lab of a cell. He is meant to provide comic relief, but his style is so out of context it almost destroys the film.

The plot is heavy-handed: Mick vanquishes the evil trusties and gets their job, appearing to rehabilitate himself just a little. His girlfriend is raped by Paco, and Mick escapes to flee to her side, only to be picked up by the world-weary social worker who's been trying to talk sense into him. Shortly thereafter, Paco arrives at the reformatory, primed for a battle royal before being transferred to another facility. It's all quite melodramatic, especially as the tension mounts toward the final confrontation—the inmates placing bets, the audience presumably on the edge of their seats.

But throughout it all, Sean Penn's performance remains the opposite of

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

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melodramatic. He never wavers from that early impression of conscious, willed distance between his circumstances and his actions. We wait to see what's going to happen to him, but on a deeper level we wait to see what he's going to do—even when he and Paco are rolling on the floor reaching for the one knife, egged on by the others and cut off from the authorities by a short-circuited electric gate.

It deflates the melodrama to say that Mick ends up on top, then decides to spare Paco. But the melodrama is cheap compared to the drama of Mick's face becoming emotional for the first time: a sob and a laugh as he walks away from the crowd who only a moment before were shouting "Kill him! Kill him!" I'm not sure that this ending means Mick has reformed. It's equally likely that an antisocial loner like him enjoys spoiling everybody's bets—or that he just wants to get the hell out of the reformatory. It may be a flaw that we can't quite fathom the reasons for his final choice. But it is a triumph that we feel, consistently throughout this movie, that he has a choice. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

GEZUNTHAYT FOR YIDDISH!

by Benno Weiser Varon

Is Yiddish dying? If so, it's fading out with a bang.

For decades it has been a standing joke that when a funeral procession passes by the premises of the *Jewish Daily Forward* in New York, the publisher yells down to the pressroom to print one copy less. There may be an argument whether Yiddish itself is a dying language, but there can be no doubt that its readers are dying out.

In Israel after the war Yiddish was for a time revived. Originally rejected in Jewish Palestine in favor of Hebrew, this attitude was reversed after the Holocaust, out of respect for the language of most of its victims. But the grandchildren of the survivors no longer read Yiddish. In the United States the *Jewish Daily Forward* ceased to be a daily last year and now appears only once a week. A number of universities both here and in Canada have created chairs for the study of Yiddish, but these are no more likely to guarantee the future of Yiddish as a living language than have chairs in Latin or classical Greek for those two languages.

And yet, while Yiddish speakers and readers are fading out, Yiddish has produced in our days two of its greatest writers, the magnificent Isaac Bashevis Singer and the no less important Chaim Grade. Since receiving the Nobel Prize, Singer is being read in translation all over the world. Grade, meanwhile, is gaining posthumous recognition in the United States.

Even more remarkable is the degree to which the dying language has managed to infiltrate English. Some words, like chutzpah, no longer require italics or quotation marks; indeed, a goodly number of Yiddishisms have invaded English unbeknownst to most of their users. This synthesis is called Yinglish (I'm not sure whether seriously or jokingly) by Leo Rosten, author of the modern classic *The Joys of Yiddish*, and its recently published sequel, *Hooray for Yiddish!**

Though Rosten has published close to thirty books on a wide range of topics (his first stake to fame was *O K*A*P*L*A*N! MY K*A*P*L*A*N!*), he is a first class philologist (with an overwhelming sense of humor). Spiced with witticisms and jokes, *Hooray for Yiddish!* is nonetheless a scientific treatise of sorts, and a book that is not to be rushed through. Basically it is a lexicon and who would normally want to *read* a lexicon? This one, however, makes for joyful reading, especially if you know the Yiddish words and can therefore fully grasp the mastery of their translation. But even if you can't, Rosten's subtitle, "A Book About English," says it all: the average English speaker will be delighted to learn just how much of his everyday language is rooted in Yiddish.

There are Yiddish words that have won acceptance in English dictionaries: the aforementioned *chutzpah* (need I repeat the classic definition?), the intrepid *kibitzer* (who is now supported by the *dibitzer*—one who advises a *kibitzer*), the skulking *gonef*. I don't know whether all the following ones have made it into the dictionaries, but they should be getting there: *kvell*, meaning to gush (usually over the achievements of one's child or grandchild), *kvetsh* (one who continuously frets, complains, and sighs), *mentsh* (an upright, honorable, and decent person), a *boo-boo, yak-yak,* or *yakkety-yak* (chatter, gossip), *mish-mash* (hodgepodge), *nosh* (*n.* a snack; *v.* to eat on the sly), *shlep* (drag), *shmaltz* (excessive sentimentality), *shmo*, standing for the obscene but more effective *schmuck* (I pass on translating it), the timid, unassertive *shnook*, *tsuris* (trouble), *zaftik* (plump, buxom), and who knows how many more? Yes, some may say that such words as *Mensch, schleppen, Schmalz,* and *saftig* are German. But so is about 70 percent of the Yiddish vocabulary. These words have made it into English via Yiddish. This goes also for *gezunthayt,* which in German is *gesundheit.* There is the ubiquitous *shtik* (which can be a trick, or in showbiz jargon an actor's device to steal attention), and the *shamus* (originally a sexton or caretaker, who in American slang has become a detective, a private eye).

And there are the hybrids that

Benno Weiser Varon lived as a newspaperman in Latin America and returned there years later as Ambassador of Israel. Now retired, he lives as a writer and lecturer in Brookline, Massachusetts.

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America has taken to its bosom, such as *alrightnik, fancy-shmancy,* and *crazy-doctor* (not a demented physician, but one who treats crazy people).

A large chunk of *Hooray for Yiddish!* deals with phrasings and syntax indigenous to Yiddish which reappear in spoken English; an idiomatic feedback, so to speak, which adapts English words to Yiddish patterns, intonation, inflection, and facial expressions. I expect no reader to use all of them, but I doubt whether a single one does not use some of them.

Here is a short list: big deal! drop dead! excuse the expression, get lost, I need it like a hole in the head, it can't hurt, it shouldn't happen to a dog, I know from nothin(g), to eat one's heart out, likewise, no-good, no-goodnik, out of this world, do (or go) sue me, so what! so what else is new? for instance (instead of for example), that's for sure, you want to hear something? who needs it? Enough already!

If the reader is surprised by the inclusion of one or the other of these expressions, he may frankly disbelieve that the following ones derive from Yiddish. But Mr. Rosten makes a convincing case for all of them. There is could be (not identical with it could be), Don't ask! (in correct English it would be, Don't ask me!), Enjoy! (without yourself, a transitive verb converted into an intransitive colloquialism), for-free (at no cost), How come (you didn't show up)? What's with (for what's the matter with, what's wrong with) . . . ?

A special effect is achieved by placing the adjective at the beginning of a sentence, as in smart he isn't. Scorn is expressed by placing the direct object before the subject: "*Thanks* she expects for losing my credit cards!" "*Two arms* he broke!" "The race? Sure he won. *Last place* he won." All this is derived from Yiddish. Yiddish abounds in irony. Rosten writes: "The culture of the Jews is so steeped in orality, so responsive to wit, so studded with repartee, so impatient with the obvious, that it is not surprising that Jews prize swift deflation." A sample: "Do you realize, Grampa, that it cost the U.S. about 10 billion dollars to put a man on the moon?" —"Tchk, tchk—including meals?"

Which leads us to Rosten's use of jokes, to illustrate the use of certain words. He warns: "And before you growl 'I read that one before!' let me say, 'So what? Do you stop a pianist who is playing Chopin because you heard that piece before?'" Jewish culture, he argues, is a joke-making culture. (He asks: "Is Turkish? Is Portuguese?") Occasionally the *à-propos* is a bit farfetched, as in this sample of the Yinglish use of "from" instead of "of": To celebrate his mother's birthday, the son sends her a bottle of champagne and a jar of caviar. She calls him: "Oh, thank you, Seymour, for the fine present!" "You liked it?" "The ginger ale I *loved*, dollink; but those huckleberries tasted from herring." Or this one on the use of "oy." A mother calls her daughter: "So how are you?" "Terrible, Mama. My back is killing me, the children are acting like wild Indians, the house is a mess—and to top it off, I have six guests for dinner!" "Stop, dollink, I'm coming right over. I'll feed the children, clean up and do the cooking." "Oh, Mama! You angel! . . . How's Papa?" "Papa? Are you crazy? Papa died nine years ago." Pause. "What number are you calling?" "Alton 6-4491." "This is Alton 6-4494." "O-O-oy! I dialed the wrong number!" "Wait! Please!" the voice wailed. "Does that mean you're not coming over?"

I know, I have reached the number of words my editor allowed me. But I would feel remiss if I didn't give a small sampling of the non sequiturs and repartees Rosten cites, so characteristic of Yiddish humor. Here they go, stripped to the essentials: A young boy tells his father that a bearded sage has wished him to live to be a hundred and twenty-one. The father explains that Moses lived until a hundred and twenty. "But why did the sage say 'a hundred and twenty-*one*?'" "Maybe he didn't want you to die suddenly." Another one: A: "Did you hear the story about the two Jews who—" B: "Stop! Why always two Jews? Wouldn't it be just as funny as if it was about two Irishmen. Or two Zulus?" A: "O.K. Two Zulus meet. Says one: 'When is your son going to be Bar Mitzva?' So the second Zulu says—" B: "Forget it." Or this one: The owner of three haberdasheries returns from a vacation in Europe. "The climax," he tells, "was my audience with the Pope." "The Pope? What kind of man is he?" "A 44 portly."

Yiddish continues to offer other delights as well. We are all familiar with the one-and-only Isaac Bashevis Singer—which may explain why his contemporary, Chaim Grade, is only posthumously getting the recognition he so richly deserves.

I adore Singer. Yet I had to wince when it was said that one reason he won the Nobel Prize was his portrayal of Polish Jewry. What is often overlooked is that Singer is a master of imagination who simply uses the one milieu familiar to him as a canvas for his exuberant strokes. His whores and pimps are no more real than his demons and hobgoblins.

Chaim Grade, by contrast, is an impressionist, not a surrealist. His characters are also fictional, but real. It would be much more accurate to call him a portrayer of Polish Jewry. He is more earthbound than Singer. Though he does not read as easily, he deserves respect in his own right.

A new collection of Grade's fiction, *Rabbis and Wives*,† contains three lengthy novellas. "The Rebbetzin" is the story of a woman devoured by feelings of revenge and possessiveness toward an eminent rabbi who broke his betrothal to her. She marries a minor scholar, makes him abandon the town where he is rabbi, and pushes him ahead in the town where her former fiancé reigns. When the latter dies, she takes full command of his household and wife. "Laybe Layzar's Courtyard" is set against the rich tapestry of life in Vilna and the adventures of a local Don Juan (who, one would assume, never goes so far as to *sleep* with the young woman he compromises). Lovers of erotica won't get much out of Chaim Grade. The scandal must be seen against the background of the woman's pious Jewish neighbors and her father, whose single pleasure in life is to chastise his body by fasting and poring over some Talmud tome. "The Oath" is the story of a merchant who on his deathbed extracts from his son the promise that he will abandon his university studies of agriculture and dedicate himself to the study of the Talmud. He also demands from his daughter the promise that she will marry only a law-abiding scholar. All the characters are masterfully drawn. And the reader can't help but admire how Grade weaves his suspense without the slightest amount of violence, crime, or sex.

These stories might have been written half a century ago (when they are to have taken place). Mr. Grade is no avant-garde writer. His is solid literature in the grand style about a world that has ceased to exist. And though these novellas are set close to the outbreak of World War II, there is no inkling of the catastrophe to come. □

†Knopf, $15.95.

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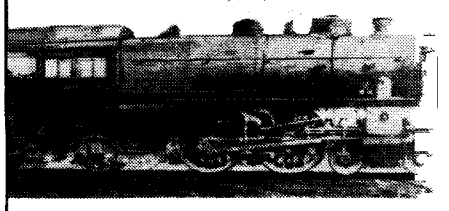

"In an age of ideology, the inventions of ideologues have come to seem plausible, even though they are fantastic."

This phrase is from Kenneth S. Lynn's Falsifying Jefferson, one of the essays in his collection, THE AIR-LINE TO SEATTLE. It illustrates the theme of the book: that too many current commentators on the American past see it through a mist of preconceived notions. Instead of respecting the evidence they profess to study, Lynn holds, these commentators impose on it precooked formulas that tell us more about the writers' own sensibilities than about America.

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BOOK REVIEWS

BENJAMIN DISRAELI LETTERS: 1815-1834 (VOL. 1)
BENJAMIN DISRAELI LETTERS: 1835-1837 (VOL. 2)
Edited by J.A.W. Gunn, John Matthews, Donald M. Schurman, and M.G. Wiebe / University of Toronto Press / $50.00 each

DISRAELI'S GRAND TOUR: BENJAMIN DISRAELI IN THE HOLY LAND, 1830-1831
Robert Blake / Oxford University Press / $14.95

Franz M. Oppenheimer

His sins were scarlet,
but his books were read.
—Hilaire Belloc
(for his own epitaph)

Many great men, like elephants, take a long time to grow up. How what Burke called "men of light and leading" manage to grow up is a critical question for society which has an interest in seeing them rise to the top. Therefore we owe an immense debt of gratitude to the University of Toronto Press for publishing a complete collection of Disraeli's letters, of which the volumes reviewed here are the first two. The editors of these letters, Messrs. Gunn, Matthews, Schurman, and Wiebe, have combined imaginative initiative in discovering previously unknown letters with awesome scholarship, displayed in thorough and enlightening annotations, to give us an indispensable source for understanding Disraeli's growth. Although Disraeli's youth seemed to have been covered thoroughly in countless biographies, of which Moneypenny and Buckle's classic remains unrivaled, and in B.R. Jerman's admirable *The Young Disraeli*, this collection not only unearths new significant facts but gives us an immediacy of insight into Disraeli's development equal to that of a parent and a college roommate combined.

Unfortunately only four out of the 594 letters in these two volumes were written before the age of 19, leaving us as much in the dark about Disraeli's emotions during childhood and adolescence as ever. The first letter, probably written from boarding school when Disraeli was about ten, reads in its entirety: "Dear Maman, I have arrived safe B D Israeli." The uncommunicativeness of this message to his mother is characteristic; the volumes under review contain only five notes to her, as contrasted with 34 letters to his father and 251 to his sister Sarah. There are no letters addressed to "Dear Father and Mother"; most of the time the existence of his mother is ignored. And while Disraeli's letters to his father are often long and contain his best travel reports, they are in the main curiously impersonal. One cannot escape the impression that Isaac D'Israeli the Elder was a cold fish who in his remote library withheld from his brilliant son what modern pedagogues call "positive reinforcement."

He also withheld financial support. The *Letters* reveal for the first time how narrowly Disraeli avoided Debtors' Prison. As a modern President must check with the Secret Service before he can call on a friend, Disraeli often had to check with his solicitor before he dared to go from one place to another: "I trust there is no danger of my being nabbed by Mash," he writes before he can venture to attend a County Conservative Dinner where he was invited to move the principal toast. "I have begged the favor of his not arresting me in Bucks . . . I shall not sleep at Aylesbury as I intended." Only late in the period of these letters, just before his first successful election campaign, did the vexed subject come up with his father. "He demanded the exact amount. I said it was difficult to say . . . £2000 might be required. He looked blue, but said it must be settled."

It is probable that this lack of parental support lay at the root of young Disraeli's insecurity, an insecurity that shaped his beginnings. In Disraeli's case the outward and visible circumstances of his family were serene; there was financial independence, a spacious country manor house "surrounded by a small but brilliant garden"; servants, siblings, horses, dogs, and a celebrated library. "My father always had two saddle horses at my command." Nor did anti-Semitism assail him until his political battles had begun. Yet it must have been insecurity that drove the young Disraeli to flamboyant dandyism, frantic financial speculations, extravagant self-congratulations, and exhibitionist controversy.

All these characteristics are expressed in these letters that cover four principal phases of Disraeli's life. The first phase, the phase of business, begins well before his twenty-first birthday, with a hectic and unsuccessful speculation in South American mining stock saddling him with enormous debts. Even more dramatic is Disraeli's second business venture with his father's publisher Murray to launch a new newspaper, *The Representative*. The letters reflect an astonishing pace of enterprise for a twenty-year-old, and an astonishing mixture of competence and naiveté. Disraeli rents office space, recruits editors and 27 correspondents, attempts to find a house in London for the "Director General" designate, and has "no doubt that [Murray] will succeed . . . to make [*The Representative*] the focus of the information of the whole world," and endorses the view of a reporter he has hired "that a year could not elapse without our being the very first going." As things went, *The Representative* folded after six months, and well before its demise Disraeli and Murray, for reasons not exactly known, had quarreled and Disraeli had left the paper. Yet even at that early age Disraeli knew something about conducting human affairs: when Murray fails to come to an agreement with the editor selected, Disraeli writes: "You and he have never rightly understood each other. When such connections were about to be formed between two men, they should have become acquainted not by the stimulus of wine. *There should have been some interchange of sentiment and feeling* [emphasis mine]."

John Springs

Having reached majority and failed in two business ventures, Disraeli quickly wrote his first novel, *Vivian Grey*, which, like all his novels, is still in print. After all that frenzy of activity he fell into what his biographers usually call a "mysterious illness" but which, judging from the letters, was almost certainly a depression. Disraeli must have believed that travel cures such ills and embarked on his "Grand Tour" to the Middle East which is the subject of Lord Blake's slim, illustrated book.

Lord Blake, like all other biographers, had previously described this tour of 16 months, the second main phase of Disraeli's life covered by the letters under review, in his full-length biography, and, again, like the others' sources, Blake's are

Franz M. Oppenheimer is a Washington lawyer.

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almost exclusively Disraeli's letters. Hence it is not surprising that there is nothing new about Disraeli in *Disraeli's Grand Tour*. Lord Blake does provide helpful historical and political orientation for an understanding of Disraeli's own accounts of his travels. But to fill 140 pages he must go back to Egyptian history since 1517 and give us glimpses of events in 1839 and 1841, ten years after Disraeli's tour, saying "all these changes lay ahead . . ."

To what extent the experience of the Middle East formed Disraeli's political and religious views or helped him find the "identity" which, Blake says, Disraeli sought, is a question discussed by Blake, but not thoroughly enough to provide entirely satisfactory answers.

I believe Blake is right when saying that "one should not exaggerate" the effect on Disraeli's career of his sixteen months in the Middle East. Disraeli collected local color useful for an aspiring young writer and he was impressed by the ceremony and slow pace of Moslem life, but it is uncertain whether Blake is right in believing that Disraeli "had fallen in love . . . with the alien yet curiously hypnotic civilization of the Muslim world." Like virtually all letters of the young Disraeli, the letters from Greece, Spain, Egypt, and Jerusalem do not convey intense emotion. If the emotion was there, Disraeli preferred to hide it. His descriptions are vivid and instructive, but written for effect, not catharsis. But the editors of the *Letters* are of a different opinion: "D's enthusiasm for the culture of the Near East (Turkish, Jewish and Arab alike) steadily mounted throughout this tour. . . . He saw the Porte as the last bulwark of a civilization to which he seemed instinctively to respond, and whose continuing appeal extended far beyond these letters . . . even to the Congress of Berlin forty-eight years later." However that may be, one element I cannot discover in the letters of the young Disraeli, in contrast to the writings of the mature Disraeli, is any genuine religious interest.

Indeed, nothing could be more worldly than Disraeli's letters written after his return to England at age 26 when he entered a phase in which society and literature were his main interests while politics ran a poor third. These letters impress us, as they must have been meant to impress his sister, with the glamour of his social life. Night after night he dines with the noble, the famous, and the powerful. The letters read like the social columns of a metropolitan newspaper. "I make my way easily in the highest set," he writes, and "my table was literally covered with invitations." Then as now there cannot have been many people in their twenties who habitually mingled with cabinet members, ambassadors, generals, and bishops.

But some of the newly published letters reveal fully for the first time how many rebuffs accompanied Disraeli's climb. We had known that Disraeli had been elected to the Carlton Club only on his second try, and that earlier he had to suffer the humiliation of being blackballed for membership in the Athenaeum, a club of which his father had been one of the founders. We did not know that three years later he failed in a second attempt to become a member of the Athenaeum, nor did we know that he was also blackballed for the Traveller's Club and for Crockfords. In these letters we also learn for the first time that Disraeli, perhaps in desperation, managed to join a now defunct club, the Albion—"a very capital club—Few in number . . . —great many M.P.s and tho' not fashionable, distinguished."

Many years later when he was 70, prime minister, and a peer, Disraeli wrote Lady Chesterfield: "I detest society really, for I never entered it without my feelings being hurt." And to Lady Bradford: "I hate clubs."

However, the young Disraeli, who concentrated on entering politics in the fourth phase of his life covered by this collection, must have thought membership in at least one right club essential. In *Vivian Grey* he described expulsion from one's club as "the heaviest vengeance of modern society."

It may well be that the beginning of the charges of opportunism that Disraeli had to battle all his life arose in large part from this problem of clubs: for the only "distinguished" club that the young Disraeli succeeded in joining before he finally entered the Carlton was the Reform Club—a fact that gave weight to the accusation that he had become a Tory out of sheer opportunism. Disraeli soon resigned from the Reform, and wrote many letters with elaborate explanations of why he had joined it—but the real reason may well have been that he was ready to join *any* "distinguished" club that would take

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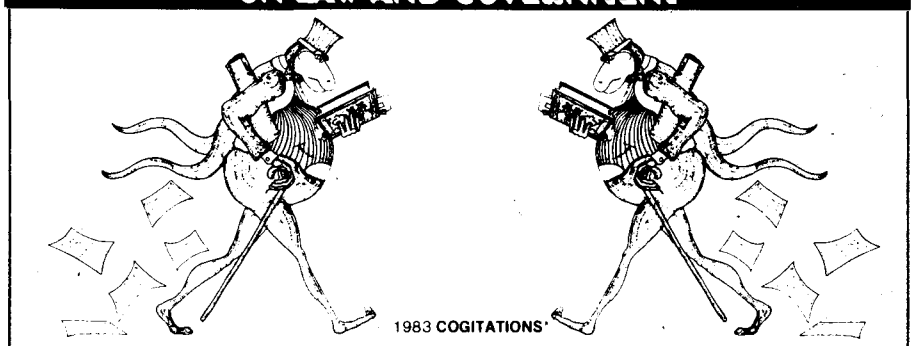

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him. This whole critical episode emerges from this correspondence for the first time—none of the standard biographers mention it.

There is abundant evidence in these letters that Disraeli was not an opportunist: an extraordinary episode of youthful loyalty and indiscretion, unknown before now, occurred at a dinner party where Disraeli, age 28, met for the first time Sir Robert Peel, age 44, then the Duke of Wellington's principal lieutenant in the Commons, a former cabinet minister and a prime minister-to-be. Apparently, seven years before that dinner, when Sir Robert had been home secretary, he had refused to allow Isaac D'Israeli to consult some records in the State Paper Office. Sir Robert at the dinner mentioned that Office. And Disraeli writes his sister: "I attacked him about my father *and made him look extremely small* [emphasis mine]." No wonder Peel disliked that young whippersnapper. Had this letter been known to Moneypenny, Blake, Jerman, and other biographers, much learned speculation on why Peel would not give Disraeli a job in his administration would have been unnecessary.

Yet it is also true that the letters written during this first political phase of Disraeli's life hardly ever reflect any commitment to political principles. They read like the sports page of a newspaper where games won and lost, locker room gossip, and speculation on the next winners are all duly recorded and where the only loyalty displayed is that to the home team. Whether from lack of opportunism or immaturity, the letters of this phase are also conspicuous for violating the mature Disraeli's famous injunction: "Never complain and never explain." Complaints and explanations abound, and rather than ignoring any ignoble attacks, such as those by the Irish M.P., Daniel O'Connell, who called Disraeli "a living lie," "a reptile," and one with "the qualities of the impenitent thief on the Cross," Disraeli counterattacked in the same tenor: "an effort should be made to restrain the exercise of that terrible and irresponsible power, that reckless and remorseless tyranny, with which the leader of the Irish Catholics has been too long in the habit of controlling society; which . . . destroys the peace of families. . . . " and so on. Indeed Disraeli actually disseminated O'Connell's diatribe in the same broadsheet to the electors of Taunton in which he published his reply.

For evidence that the young Disraeli was committed to conservative principles as much as to day-to-day conservative politics we must go outside the letters to his writings of this period, *Whigs and Whiggism,* republished in 1971 by Kennikat Press. The *Vindication of the English Constitution* in particular presages the great man and should be made required reading for U.N. and UNCTAD commissions that labor to produce international codes and regulations for multinational corporations and better constitutions for non-Communist countries they dislike. Disraeli seems to have anticipated this "new school of statesmen in general" whose object it is "to form political institutions on abstract principles . . . instead of permitting them to spring from the course of events . . . " because of a fallacious belief "that theories produce circumstances, whereas the very converse . . . is correct, and circumstances indeed produce theories."

The letters end with Disraeli's election to the House of Commons on his fifth try. In his home district of Wycombe, where he had been defeated three times, his victory elsewhere was celebrated with surprising enthusiasm, "all bells were set a-ringing, a subscription made . . . to illuminate the town . . . and the band called out . . . " Something had happened to give Disraeli that minimum of security required for greatness: " . . . I was rather gratified by finding those among whom I have lived . . . felt such genuine satisfaction in my success." "I am very well and begin to enjoy my new career. I find that it makes a sensible difference in the opinion of one's friends." And after his first day in the Commons he writes Sarah: "Thus endeth the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

All those interested in Disraeli will be waiting for the next volumes from Toronto with impatience. □

STRATEGIES OF CONTAINMENT: A CRITICAL APPRAISAL OF POSTWAR AMERICAN NATIONAL SECURITY POLICY

John Lewis Gaddis / Oxford University Press / $27.50 cloth; $10.95 paper

Robert H. Ferrell

Once in a while, sometimes after many years, a book comes along that changes understanding of large issues, and such is John Gaddis's essay on strategies of containment—a generalizing, wonderfully literate, thoughtful account of American foreign policy since 1947, since George F. Kennan published the "Mr. X" article in *Foreign Affairs* and set out the need to stand up to the Soviet Union. Gaddis apologizes for being a "lumper" rather than a "splitter," for dealing with a large subject, a third of a century of American-Russian relations; but the size of his canvas makes the book extraordinarily attractive. And so does the quality of the writing and analysis. It is not too much to say that Gaddis is the new Kennan, that what college and university students of a generation ago found so exhilarating about Kennan reappears in the long sweep of ideas, the lilting prose, the penetrating clarities of this Sage of Athens, Ohio. Many years ago Ohio University at Athens was the premier educational institution of its state, and then gave way to the behemoth of Columbus, but no one in Columbus writes like John Gaddis. Nor for that matter, no one on the East Coast, save Kennan himself. This book is an intellectual triumph.

A great deal of Gaddis's success comes from willingness to search out information. The task was formidable, but much came to hand, almost all of it after the closed period for records of the federal government in Washington, about the year 1950. Presidential libraries, notably at Independence and Abilene, contain fascinating statements, formal and informal, the latter often in personal letters. (Who could believe that in the all-American junkyard melange of fast-food drive-ins along Route 24 in Independence, and among the churches and grain elevators of Abilene, lie such treasures?) For the rest Gaddis has relied on declassification through the Freedom of Information Act. And he has watched for public statements that reveal; in a news-sensitive country like the United States, where people read the morning newspaper on the way to work, and leave the evening newspaper in the bushes while they watch headline snippets on television, news in whatever form is important, statements obtain attention, and while much of it is trivial (who remembers the Carter Doctrine of recent years?) a great deal of truth lies behind the clichés.

The framework of Gaddis's book strikes me as the best analysis presently available for what has happened since the Truman Administration adopted containment in March 1947. The change in policy, from the Abstention Doctrine of George Washington, opened with drama, the President's speech before Congress in which he proposed $400 million for protection of Greece and Turkey. In subsequent years, Gaddis shows, officials wobbled between "symmetry" and "asymmetry," that is, trying to oppose Communism on every front, and seeking to solve the large challenges and let the little ones go. Gaddis sees four major strategies of containment after its initial statement: the National Security Council document numbered 68—NSC-68—of 1950 (symmetry), Eisenhower's "new look" of 1953 (asymmetry), flexible response of 1961 (symmetry), and détente of 1969 (asymmetry). Détente lasted until the 1979 invasion of Afghanistan. Gaddis brought out his book early in 1982 and had no opportunity to judge the foreign policy of the Reagan Administration.

Analysis of symmetry (meeting all challenges, Watchman on the Walls) and asymmetry proceeds with quotation and commentary in careful proportion, although Gaddis is such a clever writer that he might have relegated more of the quotation to the notes. He ably shows how a succession of national security advisers explained the strategies: Kennan, Nitze, Dulles, Rostow, Kissinger. His appraisal of Brzezinski, given in a few pages at the end, is scathing; he quotes Elizabeth Drew's left-handed observation that "of all the many people I have discussed the subject of Brzezinski with, hardly any have used the word 'thoughtful.' " At the book's end he relates why strategies of containment moved back and forth, from symmetrical (all-out) to asymmetrical. Three factors account for the bewildering swings. One is domestic politics—with the exception of NSC-68 in 1950, each change came with a new administration. Another is need to make a strategy credible, which greatly limits ideal arrangements; governments have to package

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Robert H. Ferrell is Distinguished Professor of History at Indiana University and author, most recently, of Harry S. Truman and The Modern American Presidency (*Little, Brown*).

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ideas. Lastly he demonstrates the primary requisite of economics; a symmetrical (all-out) approach requires money, and Democratic administrations, believers in Keynesian economics, invariably have found themselves attracted to symmetry. The Truman Administration in 1947 started out well, Gaddis believes, with a modest (asymmetrical) statement of containment, despite the inclusive wording of the Truman Doctrine. Truman's economic advisers in his early years were conservative. But when Leon Keyserling, an ebullient man who believes in everything he says, became chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers he converted Truman to economic expansionism, and NSC-68 became possible.

The above account stands as a sort of poster for what Gaddis subtly develops. Like Kennan he refuses to make bold commentaries without blurring the edges. It is indeed the blurring that makes the book so convincing. At the outset he rightly demonstrates how important was the elegant prose of the first describer of containment. Gaddis's style, especially at the book's end where he touches the simplicities of the Carter Administration, likewise carries the reader. Who can refuse so convincing an exposition as the following, about Jimmy Carter: "He prided himself on being simultaneously an engineer and a moralist, a combination conducive to self-confidence, to be sure, but also to a certain fascination with technical and ultimate questions that left little room for the realm of strategy that lay somewhere in between." It is possible to argue with Gaddis's stress on NSC-68, a badly written, hard-line, silly essay about "the master of the Kremlin." Truman undoubtedly approved it, but that may not say that he read it, or read it carefully. The President of that time assuredly knew little about its authorship. In 1959 when two writers were taping him in preparation for a book they asked him about Nitze, and his response was a total, absolute blank—"Who's he?" A copy of NSC-68 in the Truman Library in Independence, annotated perhaps by Truman's assistant George Elsey, contains all sorts of remarks about the essay's stupidities. Still, the enlargement of American policy in 1950 to include not merely Korea but Indochina did take on the appearance of symmetry.

It is possible also to fault Gaddis on his view of Eisenhower. As he shows, Ike was critical of Dulles, whom he described as an international prosecuting attorney. Perhaps, however, Eisenhower had more control over Dulles than Gaddis admits. Often Ike fuzzed up Dulles's simplicities, turning them into questions rather than statements, wording them into a sort of military jargon that lost their straightforwardness. At the very moment I write, from the heart of the Midwest, Independence, Missouri, I have in hand a letter from Professor William Pickett of Rose-Hulman Polytechnic who is working away nearby, 155 miles down Interstate 70, in Abilene, and he has uncovered remarkable rewrites of Dulles's periods, one of them released just a year ago. At the time of the Lebanon intervention in 1958, Khrushchev protested to the President in a letter of July 19. Dulles then drafted a reply, which Ike edited with a very sharp pencil. The original draft, according to Bill, reads: "I am not aware of any danger of war unless indeed war be the purpose of the Soviet Union." That was clear enough. Ike changed it to read: "I am not aware of any factual basis for your extravagantly expressed fear of the danger of general war." Later the original reads: "I am compelled to conclude, Mr. Chairman, from the recent conduct of the Soviet Union, that it seeks by war scares, including

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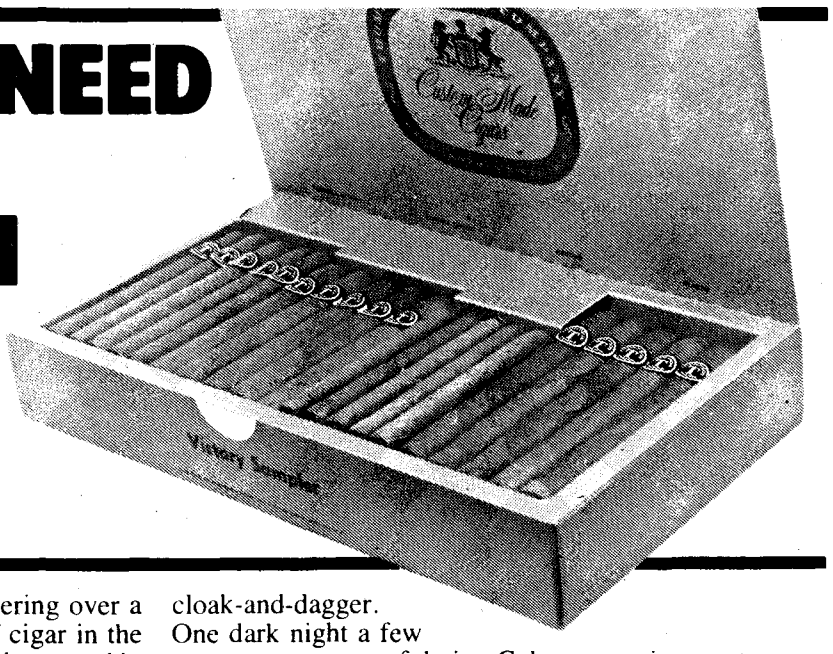

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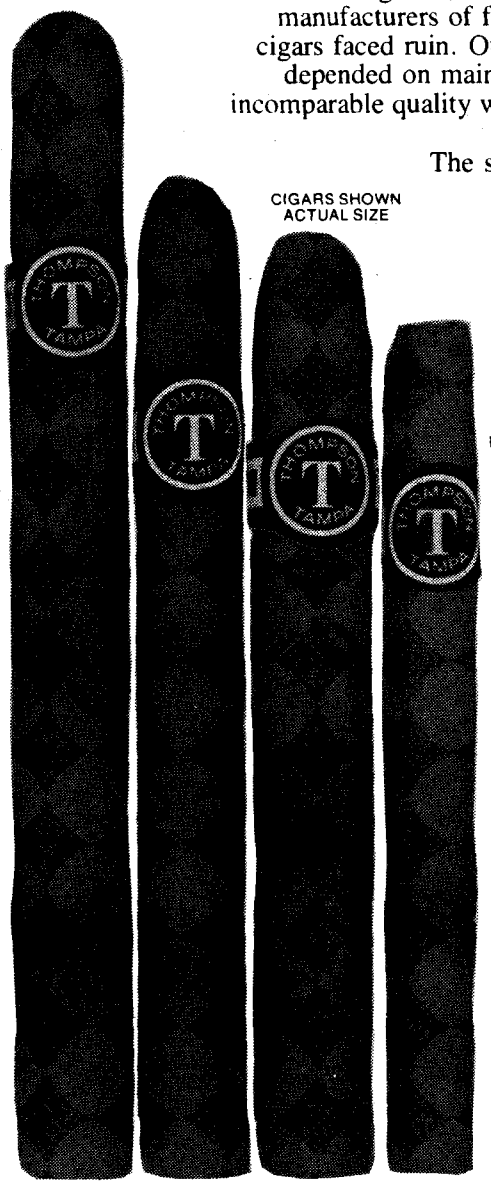

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ballistic missile threats, to divert attention from the steady erosion of the independence of small nations and the increasing use of violence, murder and terrorism as instruments of international policy. It is this attitude that constitutes the real danger to peace. The United States will steadfastly oppose that danger and seek to strengthen the established processes of international law and order." Ike changed it to the following: "Am I to conclude, Mr. Chairman, that the Soviet Union seeks by imputing war motives and itself boasting of its nuclear and ballistic missile power, to divert attention from the steady erosion of the independence of small nations? Are we as civilized peoples, to accept the increasing use of violence, murder and terrorism as instruments of international policy? If so, this constitutes the real danger to peace . . . "

It is easy to advise an attractive author as to what he should write next, and so to the Sage of Athens goes this advice, to write a little book of two hundred pages or less about foreign policy from Carter to Reagan, from Brzezinski to Allen and what's-his-name, Kennan's successor today. □

DE GAULLE
Bernard Ledwidge / St. Martin's Press / $17.95

H.J. Kaplan

Offhand, I would hardly have nominated Charles de Gaulle as a subject crying out for biographical study, the "literature" in existence being already so considerable and the man barely cold in his grave—or so it seems to a relic like me who watched the General make a monkey of Giraud and his American sponsors in Algiers, *anno* 1943—but Sir Bernard Ledwidge has just demonstrated that there is always something to be learned when the right man goes over the record once more.

Sir Bernard's *De Gaulle* is a fine and useful piece of work. The author was posted to Paris during the sixties with the rank of Minister at the British Embassy and, judging from the role he played during the Soames affair (a bizarre incident in the General's rear-guard action to control the entrance of the U.K. into the Common Market) and the light he is able to throw on de Gaulle's mysterious behavior during the "May events" of 1968 (when some Latin Quarter distempers blew up into a tornado and almost swept the government away), had unusually good access to the Elysée palace and even, on occasion, to the aging Olympian who had made it the center of state power in France after the Fourth Republic foundered on the Algerian reef. What Ledwidge is thus able to achieve in the way of historical sleuthing, however, is less important than the synthesis he achieves. In 385 pages of lucid text, plus a bibliography and an index, he gives us a balanced sense of the man and the role he played—second to none, in my opinion, despite the paltry elements he had to work with—in shaping contemporary France and the Europe that emerged from World War II.

Nor does the compression of so complicated a record into so short a compass preclude occasional glimpses into the General's style and wit, his famous *gouaille*; but what we have here is the essential stripped-down historical version presented by an Englishman who (tempered, perhaps, by his own experience in India and the Middle East as a soldier and diplomat and by the prevailing winds from Whitehall, which have been moderately francophile since the Entente Cordiale) is able to understand and forgive de Gaulle's bloodymindedness towards Britain and the "Anglo-Saxons," his preferred term when he wanted to put us all in a sack; and to sympathize with the General's travail in presiding over the dissolution of the French empire and strengthening the Republic, in each case acting powerfully against the grain, out of a sense of the national interest that overrode his family tradition, his youthful Maurrassian ideology, his Jesuit training, indeed every other consideration. The British, like the French, have "been there," and this gives those on both sides of the Channel who can speak to each other at all a sometimes surprising forbearance, even when they are at loggerheads with each other on this or that specific issue; an attitude that they cannot always summon up—the French in particular can rarely summon it up—when it comes to dealing with us, the *nouveaux riches* on the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir Bernard's forbearance is so great that he never, if memory serves, gets around to quoting Churchill's famous groan to the effect that, of all the crosses he had to bear, the Cross of Lorraine was the heaviest. This in itself would make our author unique among the chroniclers of Charles de Gaulle. I cannot, for my own part, remember whether Churchill actually made that remark, or where, or whether someone made it for him, on the principle of *se non e vero e ben trovato* ("if it isn't true, it ought to be").

The Cross of Lorraine, in any case, was the symbol of what Charles de Gaulle first called Free France, then Fighting France, and finally—when he had returned in triumph to his country and seen it through the dicey business of disarming the Communists, only to find himself confronted with the old prewar party system—the RPF (The Rally of the French People), the movement he created to carry him back to power again. It was at first an attempt to assert the presence of a *real* country (as opposed to the *legal* one embodied in the old parliamentary disorder and business-as-usual, the vices into which France invariably fell, according to the General, when she abandoned her natural posture, which was to be GREAT), but the conditions of the fifties were not propitious, the French had had enough of GREATNESS for a while, and the RPF became just one more political party in the churning parliamentary mix. De Gaulle used it to block the movement toward a United States of Europe—ironically, because to federate Europe was perhaps France's last chance to be a truly great power on a world scale—in 1954; and then he seemed to lose interest, biding his time in his Lorraine village.

In any event, it was not the RPF but the Algerian war and the threat of a military *coup d'état* that made it possible for Big Charles (as the French generals called him in their conspirational communications in 1958) to administer legal euthanasia to the Fourth Republic and endow the Fifth with a constitution that has brought France a presidential government and a greater measure of stability and efficacy than the country has experienced—in freedom—since the downfall of the Old Regime. De Gaulle was able to render this great service to his country not only because he was a political genius with a compelling program but also because the extraordinary role he had invented and played during World War II made him the arbiter of the situation—the country's *"recourse,"* as he liked to say—when France hovered on the brink of civil war.

It is indeed the greatest historical achievement of the General to make us forget that official France actually opted first for surrender and then for collaboration and complicity with the enemy after 1940. This was true of both the legal country and the real one, to revert to de Gaulle's Maurrassian terms. The General and his followers were a tiny band, too tiny in fact to wage a civil war, let alone win one—at least until the Allied armies had invaded and secured the southern littoral of the Mediterranean. Yet de Gaulle saw to it—making an utter pest of himself in the process—that France ended the war on the victorious side.

He did this, first, by pretending that *he* was France, a pretension that Churchill was willing and able to humor and understand, especially in the dark days after Dunkirk when Britain stood alone—providing it did not get in the way of essential operations, such as assuring that the French fleet did not fall into German hands. And then he played the game

H.J. Kaplan is a former Foreign Service officer and editor of Geo *magazine. He lived in Algeria and Paris during and after World War II.*

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so skillfully that the Word became flesh, the transubstantiation took place before our eyes. It is no denigration of the General's iron will and intelligence to say that this could not have happened if it had not become increasingly clear after 1943 that legitimating this new Joan of Arc would serve the Allied interest, which was to restore France and western Europe to working condition as quickly and smoothly as possible after the war. It became increasingly clear, that is, to everyone save Roosevelt and Cordell Hull.

This is a twice-told tale, this implacable opposition of the American government to the Gaullist enterprise; and Ledwidge makes no more sense of it than most historians. He merely records that Roosevelt withheld recognition from the Fighting French as long as he could, went to inordinate lengths to keep de Gaulle out of Africa, and, even when the General had clearly outmaneuvered him and established a provisional government (recognized by all French factions except the tiny remnant committed to a German victory) in Algiers, actually persisted in planning to administer the territory of metropolitan France directly. To this end, teams of Anglo-American military-civilian experts, so-called, were trained and readied to take over, maintain order, and "let the people decide" after our landings in Normandy and in the south. Churchill knew that this was nonsense, of course, but he would do nothing to jeopardize his famous "special relationship" with Roosevelt; and on this occasion as on others he told the General as much, thereby confirming de Gaulle in his belief that the constant purpose of the "Anglo-Saxons" was to do him—France—in. As for Stalin, although we have no way of knowing what he knew or thought about the political situation in occupied France, he told Roosevelt in effect that he saw no reason to allow de Gaulle and his alleged government back into the Allied camp, except in a thoroughly subordinate role.

Against these odds, General de Gaulle not only imposed himself in North Africa (where the European population was far more *pétainiste* than the metropolitan French) but swept all before him in France, so that Eisenhower was obliged to report to his Commander-in-Chief that tranquillity could be assured in his rear as he drove into Germany only by recognizing de Gaulle's authority forthwith. A year later the French (who were not even invited to Yalta and thus forever after could disclaim all responsibility for the misfortunes that befell Eastern Europe) were nevertheless given a seat in the Allied Control Commission and a zone of occupation in Germany.

Apart from Roosevelt's irrational *personal* distaste for de Gaulle, how to explain his stubbornness in pursuing a vendetta which could only complicate our relations with a nation bound to emerge as the strongest western European power after the war? This is an interesting—and fateful—question into which Ledwidge scarcely ventures. The answer to it is rooted, I submit, in the extraordinary ignorance and naiveté which we brought to the business of international relations when we were thrust—by our overwhelming economic and military preponderance—into a role that few Americans wanted and even fewer were prepared for: the leadership of the free world. One well-known effect of that ignorance was Roosevelt's illusion about Russian postwar behavior—illusions which were finally beginning, but only beginning, to melt away under the hot sun of Yalta. Another, perhaps less well known, was blithely to welcome and actively to further the

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dissolution of existing systems and structures—the old colonial empires, especially—with no clear notion of what was to take their place.

There are lessons for us to ponder in Sir Bernard's book, and they do not all concern the career of Charles de Gaulle. □

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

Brock Yates / Empire Books (dist. by Harper & Row) / $13.95

David E. Davis, Jr.

Brock Yates has written a book that is flawed in detail, easily nitpicked, yet devastatingly accurate in its overall effect. This is not surprising, because Yates is a writer, not a reporter. Unlike 98 percent of the people writing for a living today, Yates really has the gift. He uses the language with an easy grace that you cannot get from journalism school. He takes his subjects on the fly, relying on memory and the casual power of his prose, rather than dogged research and a stern interviewing technique, to communicate his impressions and conclusions to readers whom he treats as pals.

His basic thesis is that the American automobile industry is in trouble because the people who run it are narrow Midwestern traditionalists, unwilling or unable to drag their companies into the highly competitive marketplace of the eighties. He cites as Exhibit A the General Motors J-cars, which came to market overpriced and underpowered in the spring of 1981. Exhibit B is his negative impression of the kind of lives led by automotive executives in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, marrying the two in a scathing indictment of the entire domestic industry.

This is not a new approach, but Yates does it well and it's fun to read. One suspects that it was this aspect of the book that got it enthusiastic reviews in the *New York Times* and the *Village Voice*. Unfortunately, right as he is in general terms, the book's errors tend to undermine Yates's case. This will be especially true with his main targets, the executives themselves. One would hope in writing such a book that the target-Babbitts would read it, see its wisdom, and immediately set about correcting all the things they've been doing wrong. In this case, they read it, stumble over a couple of dozen easily checked errors before they reach the end of the second chapter, and dismiss the whole thing as the work of an underinformed dilettante. Yates is not entirely to blame for this glaring weakness. It is apparent throughout that the publisher slapped the book together with an absolute minimum of fact-checking, proofreading, or any of the other niceties that are supposed to attend getting books out in the major leagues.

There is another problem. Yates suggests that American car companies are failing because they're run by bean-counters, not red-blooded car enthusiasts or worldly philosopher-kings. The truth is that there aren't any car companies run by car enthusiasts. Nor are there any run by urbane, witty fashion leaders. Stuttgart is Flint, Michigan with red-tile roofs, and Munich, jewel that it is, is still locked away in provincial Bavaria. In this, General Motors is no worse off than Daimler-Benz or BMW. Car companies run by car enthusiasts are usually the first to fail.

Yates's argument really comes a cropper when we look at car-biz in Japan, an industry run by short guys in electric-blue rayon gabardine suits. Nowhere in the book does he really come to grips with this critically important flaw in his dispositions-for-attack. Japanese managers are building their products and mailing them off to markets that are light-years removed from their own daily experience and automotive heritage. All they know about the markets they've set out to conquer is what they've been told. True, they hire very good people to tell them what it's like over here, and they are good listeners, almost to a fault, but they nonetheless come to the party without any of the automotive derring-do Yates seems to think is requisite for success.

Why then is it that everybody seems to make it big in the U.S. car business except the people who build their cars here? Is it possible that what we're seeing is not the decline and fall of the American automobile industry, but the decline and fall of the traditional American automobile *constituency* and Detroit's inability to analyze and deal with the separate components of that ongoing collapse?

The senior executives of Detroit grew up and made their bones in a monolithic industry serving a monolithic market. Most of the people in the United States wanted what had become known as the "standard American car." This was a 4000-pound vehicle with a V-8 engine in the front, driving the rear wheels through a three-speed automatic transmission. It was the envy of the entire world—Eastern, Western, Third, and uncharted. For good reason: it was the best transportation value available anywhere under the sun. Unfortunately, the market-monolith disintegrated, and the Detroit-monolith was slow to spot the signs and portents of that fundamental shift in the very nature of the business. This doesn't make them bad people.

The business is now fragmented. It has become a dozen, maybe a hundred different automobile businesses. The Europeans and Japanese are doing very well on the various profitable splinters that best suit their special industrial ethos and the needs of their respective trade ministries. Europe, especially, is selling us cars it has been rehearsing fifty years to build. Japan re-packages what Europe pioneers. Detroit, meanwhile, tries to nourish itself with the largest remaining chunk of that original market-monolith, but the surviving segment is old, sullen, and confused. These are not adjectives to gladden a marketing manager's heart.

Solomon would find the solutions to a domestic automobile company's problems beyond his grasp these days. Mr. Yates should not be so demanding of a group of typical American executives forced to save a business quite different from the one they were trained to run. It is worth noting that most of the American subsidiaries of imported car companies are managed by guys who ten or fifteen years ago weren't making it with Detroit's giants. One wonders how one of Mr. Yates's admired Japanese or European managers might fare if he were suddenly put into the position of a Roger Smith or a Philip Caldwell. □

David E. Davis, Jr. is editor/publisher of Car and Driver *magazine and Brock Yates's long-lost older brother. Best known for his pioneering work in the effects of alcohol on female sexuality, Davis is widely regarded as incredibly youthful in appearance and an all-around great human being.*

PHILOSOPHY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A.J. Ayer / Random House / $22.50

Thomas Main

In 1920 the Oxford philosopher R.G. Collingwood asked himself, "Why is it that nowadays no Oxford man, unless he is either about 70 years old or else a teacher of philosophy at Oxford or elsewhere, regards philosophy as anything but a futile parlour game?" Collingwood's question has a contemporary ring to it; thinking people who are not themselves philosophers—that is to say nearly all intellectuals—pay almost no attention to the subject. Everyone understood why Nobel Prize-winner George Stigler was invited to the White House, for the relevance of economics to public life is taken for granted, though the political naiveté of his remarks there suggests that perhaps it shouldn't be. But the idea of a similar invitation being proffered if an American philosopher like Donald Davidson or W.V.O. Quine won a similar prize sounds a bit absurd. Philosophy has no audience among anyone engaged in public life, which, as Collingwood pointed out, has not always been the case. Perhaps the change is for the best, but it is worth asking how it came about and what the trade-offs have been. A.J. Ayer's latest book, *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century*, is a fine example of modern philosophy's irrelevance to the rest of society and so is a good place to begin asking these questions.

Ayer is most famous as author of *Language, Truth and Logic*, a bril-

Thomas Main is managing editor of the Public Interest.

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liant broadside for logical positivism, the school of thought best known for its advocacy of the verification principle, which holds that no non-tautological statement can be meaningful unless there is some evidence relevant to determining its truth or falsity. Ayer has long since abandoned logical positivism—as have almost all professional philosophers—but he clings to the issues that concerned him in his youth: problems of perception, epistemology, and especially what he calls "the study of evidence," i.e., "elucidating the content of our beliefs . . . [and] our warrant for holding them." It is from this standpoint, firmly ensconced within the tradition of British empiricism, that Ayer writes his history. It is a highly partisan history, the bulk of it devoted to those philosophers who influenced Ayer most: Russell, Moore, Wittgenstein, and the Vienna Circle. Most of the other movements and philosophers dealt with are within the tradition of Anglo-American philosophy: pragmatism, Popper, physicalism, J.L. Austin. Ayer dismisses existentialism and phenomenology in a short chapter he seems to have included only out of a sense of duty.

But the problem with this book is not its partisanship, for Ayer makes no bones about that. The problem is that he fails to live up to another of his intentions—to write a sequel to Russell's popular *History of Western Philosophy*. Ayer simply has none of Russell's flair for popularization, at least not in this book. To be fair, there is a sense in which many of these theories are necessarily intractable, but Ayer's problem is more his refusal to put these theories in their proper contexts. He writes:

> There is, however, one area in which I have deliberately failed to follow Russell's example. It seemed to me that his excursions into social and political history did not throw much light upon the views of the philosophers with which he sought to associate them and I did not believe I could improve on his performance. I have, therefore, been content to give a few biographical details about the philosophers on whom I concentrate and in certain cases to refer to the ways in which they influenced one another.

Now, a popular history is almost by definition one where relatively esoteric subjects are placed in a larger context. But Ayer leaves this out. His seemingly endless discussions of various theories of sense data—e.g., Broad's emergent materialism compared to James's neutral monism compared to Carnap's logical construction of the world—lie dead on the page; not detailed enough for the professional, and not likely to arouse much interest among laymen. Like most philosophers today, Ayer has no audience.

How is it that a historian of ideas can as a matter of principle ignore the social and historical context of those ideas? To answer that, we must see what became of the idea of philosophy that held sway in Britain before 1910 or so, when such contexts *were* taken seriously.

Before the rise of the analytic and linguistic schools, British philosophy was dominated by the idealist school, led by T.H. Green. The details of Green's philosophy are not important here—it is enough to say that he was usually described as a neo-Hegelian. What is important is his realization that philosophy occurs in a social context which philosophers cannot ignore. Green was dedicated—as the manifesto of an essay society he helped establish put it—to "earnest effort to bring speculation into relation with modern life instead of making it an intellectual luxury." He approached this position along a somewhat roundabout path, through religion. For Green, religious concerns were still an important part of philosophy; as a liberal evangelical, though, he believed that religion was less a matter of saving individual souls than one of achieving and upholding a good society. Green and most other Victorian philosophers consequently believed that even the most abstract philosophy had a bearing on what the good society would be and how it could be realized, or rather maintained, since the idealists were by no means alienated from the society around them.

Green and his followers, though they were considered highly technical philosophers, nonetheless had a profound impact on public life. They provided the liberalism of their day with the "ideas"—the general philosophical orientation—that modern liberalism (and conservatism for that matter) so notoriously lacks. As R.G. Collingwood, the last philosopher in this tradition, put it, "The school of Green sent out into public life a stream of ex-pupils who carried with them the conviction that philosophy, and in particular the philosophy they learned at Oxford, was an important thing, and that their vocation was to put it into practice."

Such was British philosophy before 1910, of which there is hardly a word in Ayer's book. The omission is largely understandable, since as a technical philosopher Green was not in the first rank (although the same probably cannot be said of some other idealist philosophers of this

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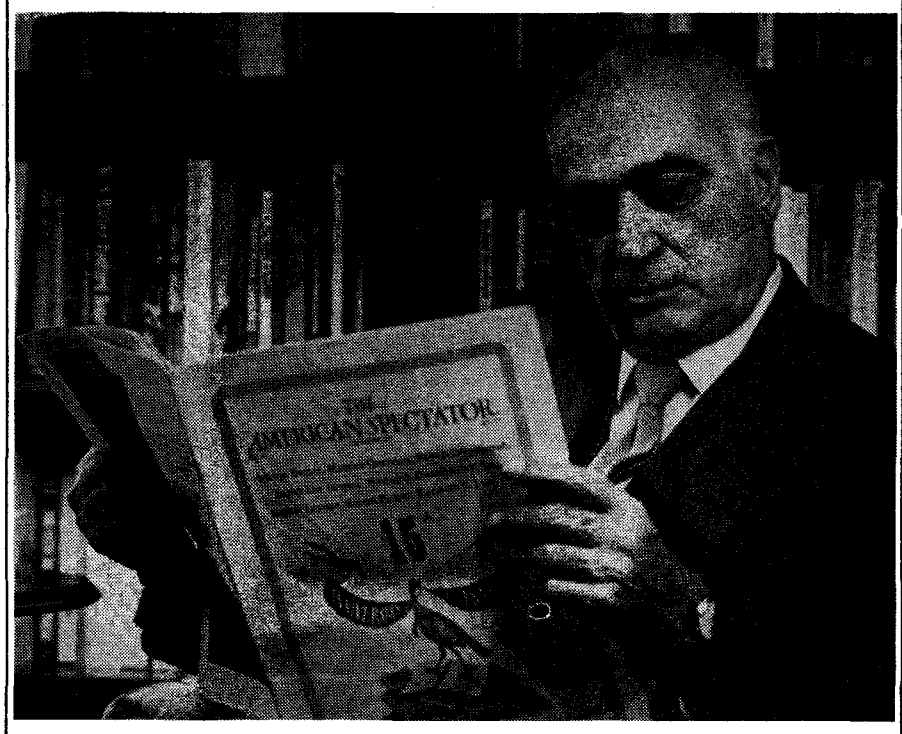

Luigi Barzini in Rome.*

ALSO: Ronald Reagan, Malcolm Muggeridge, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchey, Milton Friedman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Woody Allen, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, Donald H. Rumsfeld, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Iklé, Philip Crane, George W. Ball, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Polsby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Lewis Lehrman, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Eric Hoffer, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Wechsler, James Glassman, John Roche, John Chamberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Vincent Allen, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-Francois Revel, Larry Flynt, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, John Lofton, David Glendinning, M. Stanton Evans, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, John O'Sullivan, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, David E. Davis, P.J. O'Rourke, William M.H. Hammett, Adin K. Woodward, Robert Lekachman, Leo Rosten, Arthur Laffer, Jerome F. Donovan, Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr., Steve Tesich, Charlie Kittrell, George Nash, Frank Mankiewicz, George Roche, Raymond Aron, Peter Brimelow, Richard Grenier, and many others.

*His latest book, *The Europeans*, will be reviewed this summer.

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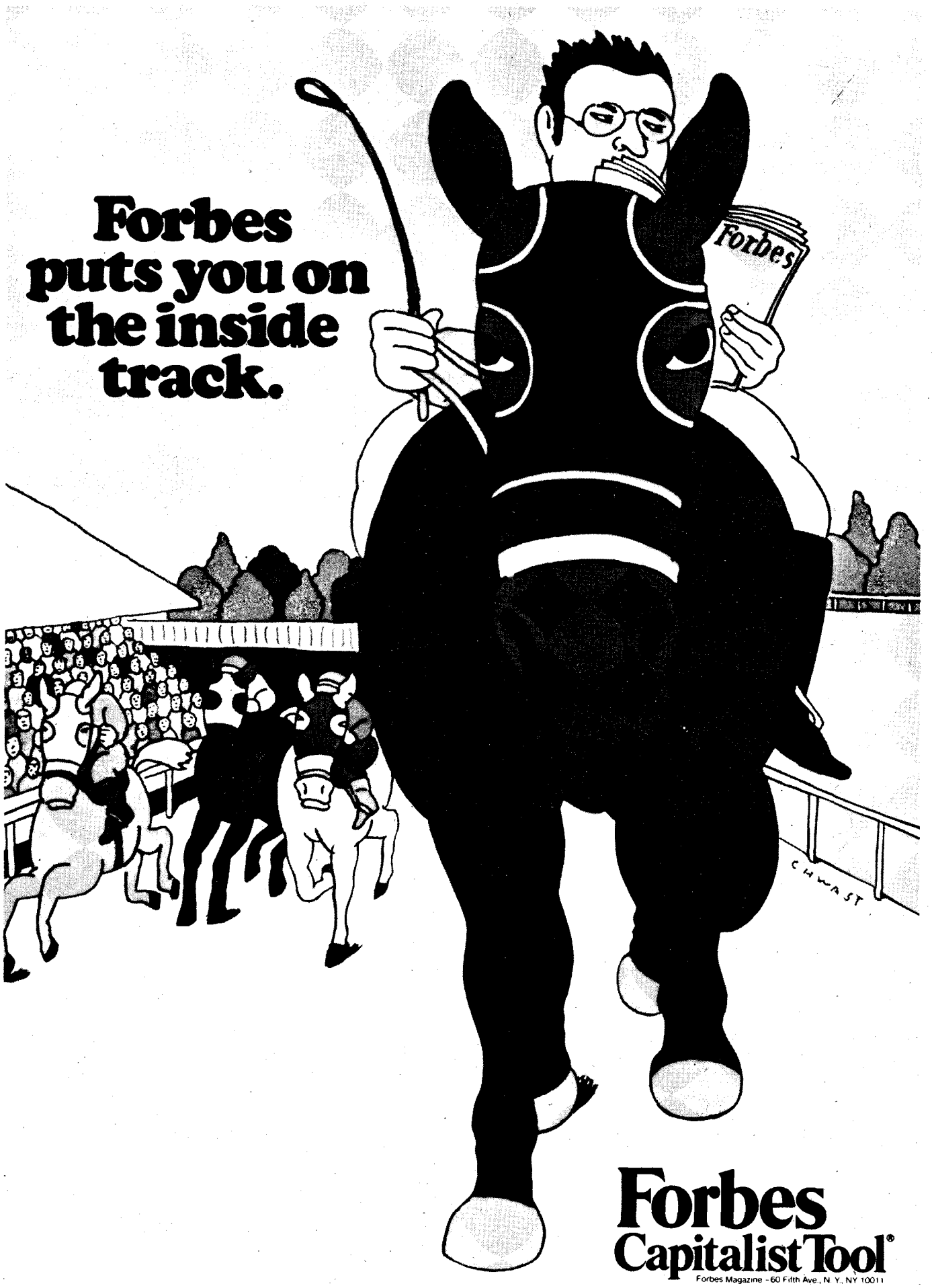
period, especially Bradley and McTaggart). Still, the reaction against, and eventual overthrow of, the idealist school remains one of the most colorful episodes in modern philosophy, one no storyteller should omit. Gilbert Ryle at least broaches the subject in his introduction to the appropriately titled *Revolution in Philosophy*. The first major change Ryle notes was the banishment of theology from philosophy. But, again, theology was the avenue through which philosophy was able to pass on to other human affairs. With theology gone, nothing took its place and philosophy ceased to be concerned with anything outside itself. This set the stage for the second big change—the professionalization of philosophy. As Ryle put it, "philosophers had now to be philosophers' philosophers." The technical rigor of philosophy rose as philosophers aped those disciplines already established as autonomous: mathematics and the physical sciences. This revolution produced great philosophers, but not great audiences. Interested nonprofessionals and their concerns—which is to say most of humanity and most of human life—were left in the dust.



The last 100 years of Anglo-American philosophy thus exhibits a curious trade-off. We began with a public-spirited philosophy that set out quite consciously to provide the religious, political, and social institutions of its time with an intellectual ground. But it was an unrigorous philosophy, its conclusions fudged by its spirit of "woolly uplift," to use Ayer's phrase. This school was in turn replaced by a more esoteric philosophy that produced great technical advances but left discussion of public issues pretty much to political ideologues. Old-style philosophy still has its adherents, but they are usually embarrassments like Mortimer Adler, who continues to produce books with such titles as *Difficult Thought Made Easy*, on the apparent assumption that shooting the breeze with Bill Moyers on public TV somehow elevates public discourse. On the other hand, when important philosophers turn to public issues, the usual result is disaster, as witness Russell's support for the Munich agreements and the North Vietnamese, or Noam Chomsky's apologetics for Pol Pot. Is there any hope of getting the representatives of these two styles of philosophizing to understand each other well enough to synthesize their strengths into a philosophy at once responsibly public-spirited and technically rigorous?

Unfortunately, Ayer's book does not bode well for such a reconciliation. His most interesting—and disappointing—chapter is on Collingwood. Judging from some remarks he has made in interviews, Ayer has been interested in Collingwood for a while, a good sign since Collingwood was perhaps the only major British philosopher of the early twentieth century to demand that his colleagues pay attention to intellectual developments outside the range of philosophy and the natural sciences. He sharply criticized "'realists' [who], unlike the school of Green, did think philosophy a preserve for professional philosophers, and were loud in their contempt of philosophical utterances by historians, natural scientists, theologians and other amateurs." In directing philosophers to look at the intellectual context within which they did their work, Collingwood was in effect asking them to develop a sense of the importance of the history of culture for philosophy. He believed historical philosophy was something that students, amateurs, and even the public could participate in to some degree or other without any loss of intellectual rigor.

Whatever one thinks of Colling-

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wood's specific ideas, it is clear that Ayer needs something similar to counterbalance his own lack of a historical sense. But for all the time he has spent on Collingwood, Ayer seems to remain baffled. For example, Ayer describes Collingwood's claim that to understand past events we must think as the actors did, and to that extent we become like them. "Thus," Collingwood says of the historian, "his own self-knowledge is at the same time his knowledge of the world of human affairs." But Ayer then shrugs: "It is difficult to know what comment to make. That the historian should literally incarnate a multitude of persons seems to me incredible." The dismaying thing is not that Ayer disagrees with Collingwood, but that he apparently doesn't even understand him. The gulf between public-spirited and professionalized philosophy remains as wide as ever.

What are we to conclude? That philosophy can be either professionally competent or socially significant but never both at the same time? In fact, given our current situation and history, that is probably the case. To whom can historians, religious people, journalists, political scientists, critics, and other philosophical amateurs look for philosophical guidance? To themselves, it seems: the big questions regarding the world of human affairs are simply not being asked, let alone answered, by professional philosophers. □

FAMILY HAPPINESS
Laurie Colwin / Alfred A. Knopf / $12.95

Mitchell S. Ross

There is dignity as well as amusement in the fictional performances of Laurie Colwin. Her characters hail from the eastern establishment as reliably as Louis Auchincloss's folks. They have attended the best schools and now send their children to them. They attend Conferences on International Limits. Money and ideology are not among their most worrisome concerns and, as with Jane Austen's people, they devote their energies to the pursuit of domestic tranquillity. In an age in which marriage is a troubled institution and love is as difficult as sex is easy, this leads to some interesting situations. Colwin happily exploits them.

Shine On, Bright and Dangerous Object was a well-tuned first novel. *Happy All the Time* was a delightful string quartet, involving the effort of two attractive young couples to manage their lives. In between there have been several elegant short stories, one of which, "Family Happiness," has now been expanded into a novel. This book is a trio. Polly Demarest is its central figure, but a husband and a lover are in the picture as well.

Polly (née Solo-Miller) loves husband and family. Indeed, she has married family in the old-fashioned sense in which there is much getting along with in-laws, brothers, sisters, parents, etc., in the context of things. The family is full of lawyers. At dinners "the conversation officially began. Usually the table divided into the legal half and the silent half." Polly wraps bread in linen towels and does her best to make everything just right.

Henry Demarest, her husband, although a bit too devoted to his job, is much the same way. He is Jewish but "Henry Demarest's sense of Jewishness was like the Solo-Millers. It had to do with a sense of aristocracy. Anyone could be a Christian. Not anyone could be a Jew, and very few Jews were the sort of Jews the Demarests and Solo-Millers were. It had been said of Grandfather Solo-Miller that he behaved as if he had chosen God, and not the other way around. The Demarests and Solo-Millers went to synagogue on High Holy Days. This set a precedent for lesser mortals and reminded God that they had not forgotten Him."

Into this tidy world steps Lincoln Bennett, a painter of similar social background but more hermetic disposition. "Domesticity rubbed against him like a hair shirt. It seemed overwhelmingly clear to him that he could not live with another person, and this made him feel unknown to himself." Once he and Polly had become lovers, "they were as inseparable as two people, one of whom is married and the other of whom likes to live as a hermit, can be."

They manage. Polly's marriage survives. So does her affair. Finally Lincoln departs for a spell in Paris and Polly thinks for a time that he is behind her. "After all, family life was the mortar that kept the bricks together; the pitch that made the basket watertight; the chinking that kept out the wind and the weather. It was life itself, without an inch to spare. A person immersed in the realities of family life did not stop to ponder the meaning of life. That person was *in* life, up to his or her neck and beyond. The family was the beginning, the future, and the past."

When Lincoln returns, however, so do the complications, and finally we are left with a Polly "who felt her heart break open to love and pain, and to the complexity of things."

In brief, a simple tale. Perhaps Colwin could have left it as a short story. That form suits her trenchant talent. Perhaps she forced herself to make a novel of this. And yet there is pleasure to be taken from the flow of ambiguities. Colwin is as civilized as those linen towels in which Polly wraps her bread. How admirably she can shade the distinction between lust and love, and how competently she can convey the uncertainty as to

Mitchell S. Ross is author of The Literary Politicians *and* An Invitation to Our Times.

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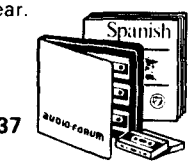

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where one leaves off and the other begins:

Polly sat on her side of the bed and watched Henry sleep. How tender and handsome he looked. How odd it seemed to her to live so far away, so angry, so troubled, when Henry could make her feel so overwhelmed, so profoundly moved, so deeply satisfied. How odd that this did not make her feel any different. He stirred next to her and Polly covered his shoulder with the quilt. He shrugged it off and held out his arm. She crept beside him and he enfolded her. They fit perfectly, but, then, they always had.

The supporting cast is amusing. The metaphors are lovely. In the old days Laurie Colwin would have been classified as a "woman's writer." In the age of feminism, however, she is more than that: a graceful temperament, an intelligent interpreter of emotion, a restorative. □

CHARLES RYDER'S SCHOOLDAYS AND OTHER STORIES

Evelyn Waugh / Little, Brown and Co. / $10.95 cloth; $5.95 paper

George P. McCartney

In his profile of his brother, Alec Waugh recalls that his mother deeply regretted that her younger son, Evelyn, had not become a furniture designer as he had trained to do before he turned to writing. When Alec pointed out that he had been quite successful writing books, she replied, "I know, I know; but furniture is so useful; besides he would have been happier designing furniture."

While we may disagree whether any profession would have made the sardonic Evelyn Waugh "happier," there is no question that Mrs. Waugh understood her son's essential character. In whatever skill he set himself to—calligraphy, drawing, carpentry, or writing—he became a deliberate craftsman taking special pride in the design of his work. After describing the pains Waugh took over revision, his biographer, Christopher Sykes, records one of the few remarks he ever made about the shaping of his fiction, "I like tinkering; craftsmen do."

The elegant results of his labor are evident in all his work, including this collection which re-issues eleven stories together with the recently discovered unfinished manuscript entitled "Charles Ryder's Schooldays" that depicts a few days in the adolescence of the character who narrates *Brideshead Revisited*. It must be said at once that, with three exceptions, these pieces, especially the title selection, are rather slight. Some of them seem warm-up exercises preliminary to writing his novels that Waugh later decided to turn to account. In its unfinished state, "Charles Ryder's Schooldays" should not be considered an independent work at all, but rather a document valuable for what it reveals about Waugh's methods and intentions in *Brideshead Revisited*. The three exceptions are another matter. "Excursion in Reality," "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing," and "Incident in Azania" stand on their own in no need of external support from the novels. But whether slight or substantial, all these pieces are graced by Waugh's style and this is reason enough to rejoice.

Waugh designed a style that still sets the standard for twentieth-century satire. It is essentially a matter of voice; Waugh brought to perfection the detached narrator capable of reporting every possible excess within the boundaries of flawlessly measured prose. Even in a trifle like "Period Piece," this technique makes something special of his portrait of an elderly widow trained to refinement but inclined to vulgarity. Lady Amelia had been educated in the belief that it was the height of impropriety to read a novel in the morning. Now, in the twilight of her days, when she had singularly little to occupy the two hours between her appearance downstairs at quarter past eleven, hatted and fragrant with lavender water, and the announcement of luncheon, she adhered rigidly to this principle.

Once luncheon is over, however, she feels at liberty to indulge her recently acquired passion for American authors "in the school of brutal realism and gross slang." As her secretary reads to her in "delicately modulated tones enunciating page by page, in a scarcely comprehensible idiom, the narratives of rape and betrayal, Lady Amelia occasionally chuckle[s] a little over her woolwork." In "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing" a less pronounced but similarly absurd clash between etiquette and instinct characterizes the reminiscences of a young woman as she recalls the social embarrassment her mother had been made to suffer one summer afternoon ten years before. It seems Lady Moping's annual garden party had been a disaster. Troubled "by the caprice of the weather which, remaining clear and brilliant with promise until the arrival of the first guests, had suddenly blackened into a squall, it had been an abominable afternoon, culminating at about six o'clock in her father's attempted suicide." The subplot of "Incident in Azania" concerns British colonists in Africa who never let emotion interfere with good form. When natives bent on extortion kidnap a missionary and send his "right ear loosely done up in newspaper and string" to the consulate, the colonists exhibit admirable restraint. After some initial concern, "the life of the town began to resume its normal aspect—administration, athletics, gossip; the American missionary's second ear arrived and attracted little notice, except from Mr. Youkoumian, who produced an ear trumpet which he attempted to sell to the mission headquarters." Nothing more is reported of the unfortunate missionary until the story's close when we learn in an aside that his "now memberless trunk . . . has been found at the gates of the Baptist compound." Faced with this news, the British commanding officer is quick to respond: "It's one of the problems we shall have to tackle; a case for action; I am going to make a report of the entire matter."

Waugh's style gains its effects by means of its subversive counterpoint. His prose is supple, elegant; his narrative voice, unflappable. But just beneath the surface lurks a riot of passionate excess, convulsive anger, and murderous rage. His sentences are charged with an electric tension; they crackle and flash where they have become frayed by the continual conflict between polite conduct and wayward impulse. In Waugh's satiric vision the artifice of civilization clings

George P. McCartney teaches English at St. John's University.

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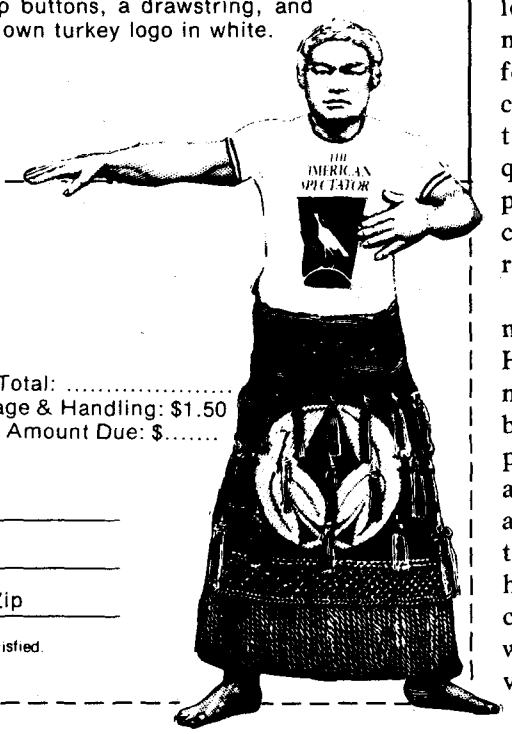

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to its precarious tenure as the chaos of barbarism awaits its opportunity to reassert its claim to precedence in human affairs. This is why so many of his narratives are set in Africa and South America. In his travel book, *Ninety-two Days*, he tells us that he is fascinated by "the borderlands of conflicting cultures." There the ambiguous confrontation between civilization and savagery provided him with "experiences vivid enough to demand translation into literary form." In "Incident in Azania" the British colonists are compared with their native hosts and found to be just as tribal, just as vicious, and perhaps a good deal more fatuous. "Out of Depth" creates a vision of London five hundred years into the future inhabited by Englishmen who have regressed to the primitive life of tribal hunters. Their rudimentary social and economic organization is provided with whatever tenuous continuity it has by the armed benevolence of African imperialists. Waugh's point in these narratives has nothing to do with race or geography. Whether the setting is some uncharted outpost along the Amazon or the fashionable Mayfair district of London, his fiction always resides at the fragile partition that separates the civilized from the savage in all of us. □

THOMAS HARDY: A BIOGRAPHY
Michael Millgate / Random House / $25.00

John R. Turner

The drama of a life that commences among humble surroundings but manages to clamber into the realm of finer things always makes for a good story. When the story is of a boy born in a rural cottage to almost illiterate parents in a backward section of the country who goes on to become the acknowledged literary master of a great literary people, it is more than a good story, it intrigues.

Michael Millgate was wise to choose Thomas Hardy as his subject. I cannot think of a life offering better material for a great biography. Though Mr. Millgate is not quite up to the quality his subject invites, he has nonetheless written a good book which will probably stand as the foremost assessment of Hardy's life for a long time to come.

Millgate's shortcomings are highlighted when his book is compared with another recent biography, Robert Gittings's two-volume treatment published in 1975 and 1978. It's easy to see that Millgate's scholarship is superior to Gittings's: if one judges by accuracy of detail, there is no contest. But Gittings, himself a poet and playwright, seems more willing to confront the darker aspects of Hardy's character, more ready to ask himself what the price of Hardy's art really was.

John R. Turner is an administrative officer at St. Mary's College of Maryland and author of the column "An Idea of Freedom."

No passage in Millgate's work, for example, is as searching as the following exposition by Gittings:

> For Hardy, more than most creative artists, was deeply self-centered. He regarded himself as one of the chosen few who had a mission to his age; his obsessive markings in his Bible show a belief not in the message of that book—like so many Victorian thinkers, he lost his faith in the 1860s—but in himself as a kind of latter-day seer and prophet, an Isaiah or an Ezekiel. Human contact, especially domestic love once the initial excitement had worn off, meant little to him. Life was largely important as the material for his art.

Millgate is aware of the same quality but he expounds it in more measured and cautious tones. Speaking of the series of touching love poems, written in memory of his wife Emma, with whom Hardy had had distant and sometimes frigid relations during the last decade of their marriage, Millgate comments:

> Indeed, it is clear from the verbal and rhythmic control of these poems that Hardy remained very much in command of his emotions at this period, that he cherished his melancholy rather than surrendered to it.

Though Hardy could, especially in his later years, appear to be a caring and congenial old gentleman, and though he undoubtedly felt intensely the privations of his own characters, there was at the core of his being a peasant-like mistrust of other people which held him back from ever experiencing a full, close affection. He could be very cold, very inconsiderate.

Hardy was best epitomized by his friend Edward Clodd, a man noted for his generous opinions, who wrote just three days after Hardy died that he "was a great author: he was not a great man: there was no largeness of soul." That is a skewed interpretation, for how can a man be a great author with no largeness of soul? But it's not hard to understand what Clodd meant. Hardy himself captured his alienation quite clearly in his poem "Epitaph": "I never cared for Life: Life cared for me,/And hence I owed it some fidelity."

Neither biographer quotes this revealing couplet, but I think Gittings comes closer to its spirit.

Millgate's book is long, detailed, and clear. A reader is never left in doubt about what year it is, or where Hardy is living, or what book is about to be published. Precision of that kind is a definite virtue in a biography, but Millgate is able to be so lucid only because he avoids criticism almost entirely. He had his say about Hardy's novels in an earlier book; here he concentrates strictly on the man.

He does, of course, relate the incidents of Hardy's life to events in the novels and poems, which gives him plenty of work because Hardy was, in a sense, an intensely autobiographical writer. Most of his characters were strongly modeled on people he had known. If one is interested, for instance, in the relationship between Tess Durbeyfield and Mrs. Agatha Thornycroft, whom Hardy considered to be the most beautiful woman in England, then Millgate is the man to consult. A reader consequently learns a lot about the way Hardy worked but not much about the quality of the result. The latter, I suppose, is so well known that a biographer need not bother with it. →

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As Millgate abundantly demonstrates, Hardy had a crabbed sort of sensual relationship with almost every woman he met. The women themselves may not have known it, but Hardy instantaneously constructed a fantasy about them which stayed with him all his long life. In his eighties, he was capable of recalling a girl he had known only briefly sixty years before and becoming just as aroused by her as he had been on the day they met. That ability was at least partly the source of his astounding poetic vitality. It's a rare man of fifty or sixty who can feel with the same intensity that came naturally at twenty, but Hardy retained his boyish sensibilities right up until his 88th year.

His celebrated decision to give up writing novels after *Jude the Obscure* was berated for being sexually explicit had little to do with his sensitivity to criticism. By his mid-fifties, Hardy had made enough money to do what he wanted, and struggling with plot development and the transitions of prose was never an element of his desire. What he lived for was recapturing spots of time and imbuing them honestly with the spirit of a past era. So he set off on a thirty-year quest to become a major poet and to make his verse ascend beyond anything he had achieved as a novelist.

Millgate doesn't stint the description of this later career which is fully as fascinating as the years of novel-writing. From Max Gate, the house he built for himself on the outskirts of Dorchester just a few miles from his birthplace, Hardy sent forth such a volume of poetry that the critics finally were almost overwhelmed into recognizing his genius. Outwardly, his was a conventional life, lived mostly at home, with occasional trips to London and other cities where he was increasingly feted by social bigwigs.

He enjoyed the acclaim, but he didn't really need it. One of Millgate's themes, which the biography amply supports, is that Hardy all his life was a self-contained man. In the memoir supposedly written by his second wife but actually dictated by Hardy himself there is the assertion that he cared "for life as an emotion rather than for life as a science of climbing." Millgate finds nothing in the record to negate the claim.

Emma Hardy died in 1912, after thirty-six years of steadily cooling marriage. In 1899, giving advice to a newly married friend, Mrs. Hardy had commented, "I scarcely think that love proper and enduring is in the nature of men." She was probably being unfair to the masculine gender as a whole, but she had her husband pegged fairly well.

A little over a year after Emma's death, Hardy married Florence Dugdale, thirty-nine years his junior, whom he had known and not-so-secretly courted for years. He made Florence almost as miserable as he did Emma, with the main difference that the second Mrs. Hardy derived more satisfaction from being the wife of a great man. Millgate makes the best case that can be made for Hardy's treatment of both women, but his relentless reporting of the facts also makes clear that their happiness was mostly sacrificed on the altar of literary grandeur.

The main feeling one brings away from this massive compilation of incident is a distaste for Hardy's ruthlessness coupled with an awe and respect for his devotion to his work. How the latter came about, given his unlikely beginnings, is not adequately explained, but the fact of it is made undeniable. Hardy cared for life as an emotion, and every ounce of emotion he could summon he poured into a second creation, in words, of the people and the feelings of the Dorset of his boyhood.

In Millgate's opinion, that was the price exacted by Hardy's art, a price well worth paying. One doesn't have to agree to recognize that this biography honorably attempts through scholarship to match the integrity that Hardy achieved through creative doggedness. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

LETTER FROM PUEBLA

by Mary Martínez

PUEBLA, Mexico—It has been ten months since 74 million Mexicans got word that their country was dead broke and owed more money abroad than any nation on earth. If that news astounded them, the fact that nearly a year has gone by and life in Mexico goes on surprises them even more. Everybody is waiting for something but nobody knows what it is.

Seeing a line of some fifty armored cars rolling along the Paseo de la Reforma in Mexico City one morning I asked another on-looker if *la hora de la verdad* had finally come. He laughed, "This is a Flag Day parade. But it'll come! It'll come!"

Statistics say it has to. The financial mess left by the last president and his cabinet is of such proportion as to have undermined the country's whole economic structure. The queer thing is that whatever it is that is hanging over Mexico has yet to drop down. Life really does go on and in the particularly exuberant way that is Mexican. Well as I know the country, when I flew in this time from Rome after a two-day wait-over in, of all places, Moscow, this exuberance burst on me like a spray of fireworks. Could this be a nation slated for collapse?

Families enjoying Sunday afternoon around the fountains of the lovely central plaza in this town of Puebla may be spending three times as many pesos for balloons, pinwheels, and ice-cream cones as they did a year ago but every child clutches them. Or take the 100-page Sunday edition of Mexico City's *Excelsior* with its scores of display ads for cruising the Caribbean, the Greek Islands, even the coasts of New Zealand, for touring the Canadian northwest or skiing in Argentina. Japan Airlines suggests a jaunt to Nepal for $5000 and this to a people whose money has dropped 82 percent against the dollar. This year's Holy Week exodus to the Pacific resorts broke all records with the two national airlines scheduling over four hundred flights a day at the peak and three European cruise ships abandoning scheduled stops at Acapulco, warned of a shortage of even daytime accommodation in bars and restaurants.

Then, as if business were booming, firms take eight pages in *Excelsior* to list job openings for sales managers, electrical engineers, computor analysts, public accountants, bilingual secretaries, data processors. Three full pages in color urge housewives to splurge on complete new kitchens. Offered are dozens of skyscraping condominia beginning at $100,000. An individual wants to buy an airplane, another offers an early Tamayo for $150,000.

The paper shows that in Mexico City there are a dozen art-show openings in a single week, 25 plays are on the boards from contemporary Mexican works to Shakespeare and Molière, five musical shows, and four entertainments for children. Four of the city's half-dozen dance companies are performing and two of its three symphony orchestras. A chamber-music ensemble offers Brahms, there is an evening of Arab music, another of Spanish guitar and Henry Purcell's *Dido and Eneas*. Then in this city that began printing books nearly a hundred years before the Mayflower landed, throughout last month there was an international book fair exhibiting over a million volumes in the main languages of the world.

All this makes the idea that a colossal threat is hanging over Mexico seem incredible. That the threat is a great unknown—I see it as five of them—only adds to the feeling of unreality.

Taking them one by one, the most important question is, probably, how good a president is Miguel de la Madrid going to be? Given the enormous power of Mexican chief executives the ability of this one man to handle whatever the other four unknowns present him with is basic. In office since December 1, de la Madrid has gone through these dramatic times in a notably undramatic way which may be for the best but which raises anxious questions about the future political trend of the government. On the popular level one senses a wanting to trust along with a certain growing impatience.

Mary Martínez's "Letter from Sicily" appeared in the February issue of The American Spectator.

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The next great unknown regards world oil prices. For every drop of one dollar per barrel Mexico stands to lose half a billion of its current $14 billion annual oil revenue, a fact which has caused shivers among the international bankers attempting to bail the country out of its financial pit. Already the recent $5 billion emergency loan, which moved the total foreign debt to $85 billion, has only resulted in a request for a moratorium on interest payments until next August 15. As an over-extended debtor Mexico has been forced to pay interest at one and seven-eighths percent above the London interbank rate so that servicing alone is going to come to $20 billion by mid-August.

Nearly as important as the question of oil prices, however, is the need for a wiser use of this great potential source of wealth. Grave technical and economic errors committed during the first boom years will have to be corrected, and quickly. Will they be?

Third, how many businesses are going to be able to outlast a prolonged crisis? Already ALFA, said to be the most important industrial complex in Latin America, is so deep in dollar debt that it cannot continue without heavy government subsidy. How many large and small companies that borrowed extravagantly during these last good years, when the country's GNP was growing at eight percent annually, are doomed to fail now, nobody knows.

Then, will it really rain this year? Toward evening every day from May to October rain falls abundantly on the great brown stretches of the land. At least that is the expectation. But last summer water was so scarce that harvests fell sharply, necessitating enormous increases in the importation of basic foodstuffs and spelling misery for many of the country's small farmers. This year, if rains are disappointing, there could be hunger.

Finally, in the wake of possible hunger, spiraling inflation, and unemployment—as well as further devaluation of the peso—is any leadership going to organize the unrest? Following President Lopez Portillo's nationalization of the banks last September there was speculation about possible military takeover but the secretary of defense, General Galvan, was quick to demonstrate Army support of the government by appearing at the president's side on several formal occasions where no Army man had appeared before. The new secretary of defense and his staff are said to be taking a more objective view of the situation and keeping alert to any sign of breakdown which the Left could be expected to exploit.

As for political elements to the left of the ruling Center-Left PRI there is the major "official" trade union, CTM, which goes along, if reluctantly, with the austerity measures imposed on Mexico by the IMF as part of its bail-out program. But the CTM's support of the government's unpopular ceiling on wages makes it vulnerable to inroads by activists in a new Marxist combination initialed UOI and PSUM which has been organizing strikes at Volkswagen, Diesel Nacional, in the universities and the urban transport systems. The two labor groupings made plans last February to hold rival May Day parades in the capital. While politicians are cartooned in the press as turtles in what it calls "this race against time," radical forces can hardly be said to be rushing to the barricades.

These are strange days in Mexico. People seem to be living in a state of animated suspension, conscious they have been despoiled but unvengeful because as yet they are not quite sure what it is that has been done to them. If, as seems to be the case, they are convinced that "it'll come," one has to admit they are riding to the storm with grace and elan. □

ATTENTION:

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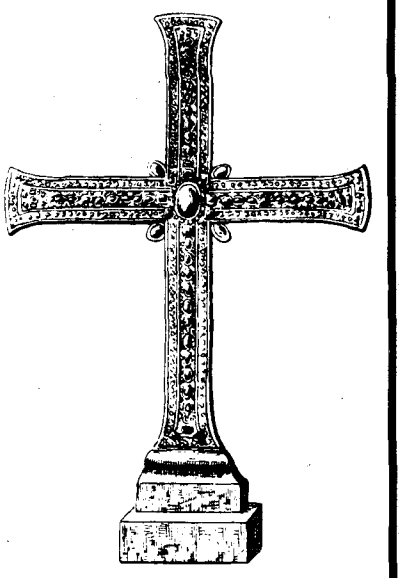

There is a tenacious myth in America that says Catholics are stupid, ignorant, and superstitious. Moreover, there is a prejudice among **modernist** Catholics that those Catholics who **really** believe in the Bible, the creeds, tradition, and the Church are intellectually feeble. After all, it's said, **there aren't even enough intelligent orthodox Catholics to support a decent journal of opinion.**

Well, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has arrived on the scene to dispel those falsehoods. You see, we believe that orthodox Catholics need a high-grade magazine that really speaks to the mind as well as the heart, that speaks Truth with clarity, verve, and style. The liberal Protestants have their *Christian Century*, the Evangelicals have their *Christianity Today*, the liberal Catholics have their *Commonweal*, and the Jews have their *Commentary*. But **orthodox Catholics have nothing comparable in the field.** The above-mentioned magazines are distinguished and influential trend-setters, and the time has come to give them some serious competition!

Orthodox Catholics have newspapers, quarterly journals, family magazines, and clergy magazines, but they have no "literary" magazine that can speak with the same authority and "weight" as a *Commonweal* or a *Commentary*. That is why the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has made its appearance. Born in 1977 and published 10 times a year, we've already made a mark. *National Review* calls us "first-rate" and *Newsweek* has conceded that we are "thoughtful," even praising our "childlike exuberance." The *National Catholic Register* has said that "for sheer feistiness and guts, it's hard to top the NEW OXFORD REVIEW." Even the "magisterial" *New York Times* has had to take notice, disapprovingly calling us "ultraconservative."

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Ann Arbor News

The inscrutable fate of a natural member of the Cranston-for-President constituency:

On the surface, Ann Arbor seemed the right town for Arthur Arroyo. A homosexual, he was attracted by the city's tolerance. Intelligent and sensitive, he was drawn to Ann Arbor's academic community. Trained in a seminary, he sought the company of the moral.

Years ago, however, his hopes had crystallized into psychotic loneliness. Extremely uncomfortable with his homosexuality, he was never, in his own words, able to "help people in some way and to be helped by other people and to share some kind of love."

He was fired from his last job at the University of Michigan. Apparently trying to stay close to academia, he worked as a secretary and a receptionist. Yet his work was always overshadowed by his troubled personality. Perceived slights from female coworkers paralyzed and depressed him.

Rather than catching the wave of Ann Arbor's cultural and social life, Arroyo sank. In a funk of holiday depression, his friends out of town for Christmas, he left his University Towers apartment on Dec. 24 for a gay bar across town.

He had been particularly bothered by his failure in his last job. When he had been dismissed by a head secretary, he exploded in her face and cursed her.

It's not hard to conjure an image of the short, slight figure walking across the Diag—his eyes perpetually downcast, his head and shoulders stooped by the cold and by his own paranoia.

Out-of-touch, blue, and battle-weary from fighting his personal demons, he lashed out. As he passed the Economics Building, he stopped, broke in and started six or seven fires that gutted the historic structure.

On Thursday, the world that had ignored and rejected him finally took official—and stern—notice of Arroyo. Circuit Court Judge Henry Conlin pronounced him guilty of torching the Econ Building.

[*November 8, 1982*]

The Nation

In his apocryphal Nancy Reagan diary the wry executive editor of the *Nation* pounces on a once-in-a-lifetime happening, turning it into grist for his inimitable comedic mill:

How true it is that we who live in the public eye often conceal a broken heart! And how ironic are the workings of fate. The same week that saw Ron's greatest triumphs as President dealt me the sad personal blow of the loss of my father. My heart is still too full to speak of it; suffice it to say that no girl ever had a better "Dad." But life must go on, and those whom the Director in the sky has chosen for the limelight must hide the tears they feel in their hearts. To all those wonderful people who sent me warm, heartening letters I can only say, "God bless you!"

[*September 4, 1982*]

The Great Books Series

Dr. Zbigniew Brzezinski chronicles the Legend as he witnesses Rosalynn trying to master the mysteries of modern furniture:

Throughout, I kept observing closely the new President, my new boss. At a meeting on St. Simon after Christmas with the newly selected Cabinet, "I followed closely Carter's performance to get a sense of the man. I was on the whole struck by his coolness, deliberateness, and his obvious sense of systematic planning priorities. I also spent a little bit of time with Mrs. Carter and was quite impressed by her clear involvement in everything that he does. For example, she even sat in on the Cabinet meeting, sitting part of the time on the arm of his chair and part of the time at his feet."

Power and Principle
[*Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1983*]

The Scottsdale Daily Progress

Kim Sue Lia Perkes, the Oriana Fallaci of Scottsdale, Arizona, interviews Sister Susanne aflame in her New Age purdah:

A vow of chastity does not make sexual desires miraculously disappear.

"Just because I went into the convent doesn't mean I became a woman of steel; I still have those feelings," said Sister Susanne Cherney, therapy director at the Franciscan Renewal Center, 5802 E. Lincoln Drive.

"Heck, I always tell my classes I get turned on by men with mustaches," she said with a broad smile. "You go to see these movies with all this nudity and my God! The whole body gets inflamed." . . .

The aura that surrounds those in religious life puts people under the misconception that nuns, and also priests, certainly must not feel the way we do.

Sex is a biological need; an innate craving that demands release, and one might think the celibate and chaste must truly be the chosen people because surely they must have been born robbed of the need for sexual fulfillment.

After all, most people need sex for survival.

God forbid nuns should feel that way!

"God, I'd be crazy if I said I didn't enjoy sex," Cherney said.

Nuns need sex like everyone else and their vow to be chaste does not bar them from sex per se, she said.

"I can have sexual intimacy with someone. Affection and intimacy are very important for the religious. If we didn't have it, we wouldn't survive."

Their commitment is to refrain from genital sex, she added. . . .

"There are all these times you have these arousals, but you have to deal with them in a healthy and productive way. It's difficult. God, if anybody said it wasn't difficult . . . You have to be really honest with one's self."

"Masturbation used to be taboo. I used to mention masturbation and they'd fly under the table. Now, even the church accepts masturbation."

[*March 12, 1983*]

democracy

Professor Hanna Fenichel Pitkin and Sara M. Shumer, two scholarly gals from the Rosa Luxemburg mold, hoist the black flag and recapture the spirit of 1848 for all Americans:

Of all the dangerous thoughts and explosive ideas abroad in the world today, by far the most subversive is that of democracy. Taken seriously, the idea of democracy threatens every established elite of privilege or power, all hierarchy and deference, the legitimacy of virtually every government in the world. It undermines the ideological support of bureaucratic state capitalism as much as that of bureaucratic state socialism. That is why governing and privileged strata everywhere seek to suppress the least sign of a genuinely democratic movement, and why those who would fight against oppression must take the idea most seriously. At first glance, democracy may seem a battle long won, but that is only because we pay lip service to the term without thinking about its meaning, let alone trying to live by its implications. The idea of democracy is the cutting edge of radical criticism, the best inspiration for change toward a more humane world, the revolutionary idea of our time.

The basic idea is simple: people can and should govern themselves. They do not need specially bred or anointed rulers, nor a special caste or class to run their affairs. Everyone has the capacity for autonomy, even quite ordinary people—the uneducated, the poor, housewives, laborers, peasants, the outsiders and castoffs of society. Each is capable not merely of self-control, of privately taking charge of his own life, but also of self-government, of sharing in the deliberate shaping of their common life. Exercising this capacity is prerequisite both to the freedom and full development of each, and to the freedom and justness of the community.

Implicit in that simple democratic creed is a more complex understanding of what it means to be human, simultaneously both creature and creator of history. We are the species that makes itself, collectively, through the gradual accretion of technology, custom, and civilization. We are all involved in that process, but our individual contribution is minute and, for the most part, the inadvertent byproduct of our intentional activities. The opportunities available to each and the limits on private freedom to pursue personal goals are set by social conditions, which are humanly produced and sustained, yet not in our control.

[*Fall 1982*]

Village Voice

Recondite reflections on the sublime and the beautiful as recorded by Sally R. Sommer in the illustrious *Village Voice*:

Friday night, 2 a.m., A7 club on the Lower East Side. The music is hardcore, the dance is slamming. . . .

Suddenly the band—MOB—explodes. Without warning, these guys erupt on the dance floor. Heads down, bodies hunkered over, arms flailing, they pound across the floor slamming into each other, the wall, and the watchers. . . .

In the dim light an ancient male ritual is being enacted which celebrates raw power and barely contained fury. The heat is up, the smell is randy, the music pounds. But the circle swirls in on itself going round a private battleground, because these young warriors have no wars to fight except an elusive recession and amorphous unease.

[*January 18, 1983*]

Soviet Life

Wonders Solzhenitsyn was coy about, as laid on readers of a recent subscription solicitation from *Soviet Life*, 4 Zubovsky Blvd., Moscow, USSR:

*The people who live right below the Arctic Circle, coping with the year-round numbing freeze, while their compatriots turn one of the earth's hottest deserts, the Kara-Kum, into a productive garden!

*The craftspeople in a remote village who by hand transform hard wood into delicate lace just as their ancestors did, while in urban centers their brothers and sisters work on ultramodern mass assembly lines!

*The youth of the cities with their zest for jazz, and the astonishing senior citizens of Georgia, who are equally "with it" at 100 or 105 years of age!

[*1983*]

National Catholic Reporter

Washington, D.C.'s heirs to Lucullus get a sharp rap across the knuckles from local mullahs of Christendom while caterers cringe and wine merchants groan:

Priests in the Washington, D.C., archdiocese are asking engaged couples to consider their plans for lavish, expensive weddings as inconsistent with Christian concern for the poor.

Among the questions put to the 100 couples attending "pre-Cana" sessions held every week throughout the archdiocese, Father Joseph O'Hare, associate pastor of St. Gabriel's in Washington, said, are "Jesus preached the good news to the poor, the outcast, those who were in need. He lived humbly; at his crucifixion he left only the clothes on his back. What does this say about your wedding plans?"

[*February 4, 1983*]

America

Wild and wanton iconoclasm from the Society of Jesus proffered in a subscription solicitation to their lubricious magazine:

Would you be willing to join a conspiracy? Your partners will be the Jesuit editors of *America*, and the aim of the conspiracy is to subvert the superficial certitudes that make up much of the conventional wisdom of the day.

[*1982*]

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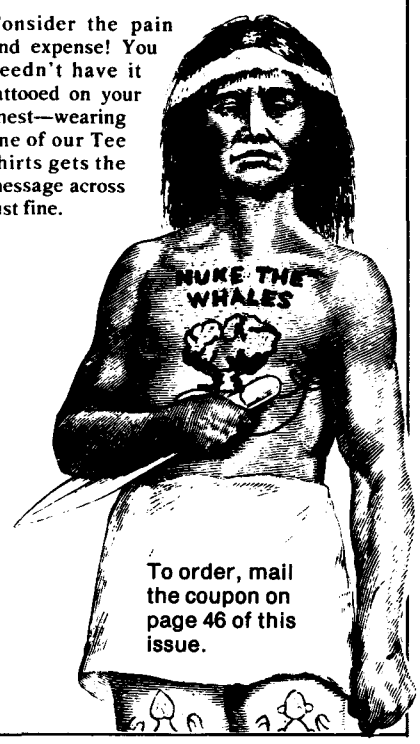

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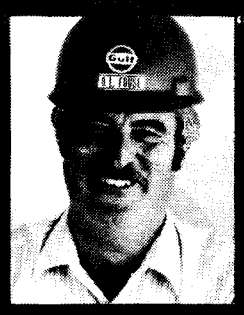

"It's life as usual in the big wildlife reserve nearby," says Orval Fouse, Supervisor, Utilities & Environmental Engineering at Gulf's Port Arthur, Texas, refinery. "The snow geese still spend a few months here each year during migration. The marshes around the refinery are still full of raccoons, otters, minks, muskrats, even some deer and bobcats.

"To me, that's very good news, because it means they're totally unaffected by the fact that, for the past 20 years, Port Arthur has been refining what's called 'sour crude.'

"We call it sour because it contains a lot of pollutants. We have to take some sour crude when we buy oil overseas. Of course you can't release those pollutants into the air. So Gulf spent millions of dollars modernizing Port Arthur to handle this type of crude. For 20 years now, we've been refining over 100,000 barrels of sour crude a day, and as you can see by the wildlife around here, the air quality is as good as ever."

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"Can oil and wildlife mix? They do at Gulf's Port Arthur refinery."

Snow Goose (C. Caerulescens), photographed at Gulf's Port Arthur refinery by Dr. John Tveten.

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